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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER I.

"Mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

"I WANT you all to remember," says Eric, decidedly, "that I do not advise you to go."

"I don't know how you can say that, Eric," replies Aunt Markham, "when you have talked incessantly of the beauty of the mountains, and said that every-
body ought to go to see them."

"He meant appreciative peo-
ple," says Sylvia. "We are not appreciative; therefore his re-
marks do not apply to us."

"He wants to go alone with a
gun and a microscope," says Char-
ley; "and has no fancy for play-
ing cavalier-of-all-work to a trio
of ladies."

"He need not fear any thing
of that kind," I remark, "for you
are going, and Rupert also. We
shall, therefore, be well provided
with cavaliers."

Scene: a family party on a ve-
randa at sunset. Aunt Markham
lying back in a large chair, fan-
ning as if her existence depends on
keeping cool—as perhaps it does,
poor woman! since she weighs at
least fourteen stone; Sylvia reclin-
ing in a smaller chair, with her
filmy dress falling around her to
the floor, her pretty face flushed
with heat, her gray eyes slightly
languid; Eric on the steps with
his back against a jasmine-twined
pillar, and a cigar, which he does
not light, between his fingers; Ru-
pert Kenyon stretched on the
grass just below the steps; Ru-
pert hovering to and fro; I estab-
lished in the hall-door, for the sake
of a through-draught—the month being July,
and the thermometer standing at eighty-five.

We have been discussing where we shall
spend the months of August and September,
and we have finally decided to turn our faces
westward, and, crossing the Blue Ridge, ex-

plore as far as possible the comparatively un-
known country which lies beyond—a country
so elevated that its valleys lie more than two
thousand feet above sea-level. The person
by whose recommendation we decide on this
programme is my cousin Eric Markham—a
great hunter, a great lover of Nature, though
outwardly the most unenthusiastic of human
beings, a person whom his mother has never
been able to drag to fashionable watering-

then you will blame me! So I accept no re-
sponsibility, but simply repeat what I have
said before, that if you want fresh air and
glorious scenery—the grandest this side of
the Yosemite—you must go to Western North
Carolina to find them."

"We want just those things," says Sylvia
—Sylvia is my sister, and we are Aunt Mark-
ham's orphan nieces—"I am tired of dancing
and flirting and toilets! What a comfort it
will be to put on a linen traveling-
dress and a pair of thick-soled
shoes, such as Nora wore in 'Quits,'
and set forth with an alpenstock
to climb mountains."

"A great comfort indeed," says
Charley, lazily.—Charley is Eric's
cousin, but not ours; and he and
Sylvia have been quarreling and
making love and tormenting each
other ever since their childhood.
—"You will wish for your silk
dresses before you have been gone
three days. Eric talks as if you
were going into the wilderness, but
that country has been a resort for
fifty years, perhaps longer, and
Asheville is decidedly a civilized
place. I was there last summer,
and I had the pleasure of seeing
a great deal of fashion."

"Then we must take our trunks,"
says Sylvia, alive to the importance
of appearing as fashionable as her
neighbors. "I thought we were
only going to explore the moun-
tains, but if we are likely to meet
people—"

"Of course you must take your
trunks, my dear," says Aunt Mark-
ham, decidedly. "One meets ex-
ceedingly nice people. Besides, it
is always well to be prepared for
emergencies."

"I shall take my gun," says
Rupert, following Charley's example and fling-
ing his long and rather awkward length of
limb on the grass. It is impossible for any
one not to be awkward who is six feet high
and only seventeen years old.

"And is it definitely settled, then, that
we will go to Western Carolina?" asks Syl-
via. "All in favor of the motion please say
'Ay.' Very well," as a rather languid but



THE CONSULTATION.

places in her train, but who has spent sum-
mer after summer among the fair, wild, Caro-
lina mountains, until his attachment to them
is a family proverb.

"The reason why I don't advise you to
go," he says, when our comments have
ceased, "is because I have no doubt you will
be bored and disgusted. You will find no
fashionable hotels, no bands of music; and

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unanimous "Ay" responds. — "Now, Eric, tell us how to reach it."

"There are two great gates of entrance," says Eric, "Swannanoa and Hickory-Nut Gaps. In the old time, when people traveled in their carriages, it was the general custom to cross the Blue Ridge by one gap in going to the transmontane country, and by the other in coming away. — You remember that, mother?"

"Certainly," answers Aunt Markham. "I went to Tennessee with your father thirty years ago, and we crossed the Hickory-Nut Gap in going, and Swannanoa in coming back."

"Let us go in that way," says Sylvia.

"Impossible," says Charley. "The railroad takes you to Swannanoa."

"A fig for the railroad! We can go in our carriage, like the grandees of thirty years ago. Which is the finest gap, Swannanoa or Hickory-Nut?"

"There is no comparison," says Eric. "Hickory-Nut is infinitely finer."

"Then we must see it," says Sylvia, decidedly. She is of a nature easily roused to enthusiasm, and it is evident that this enthusiasm is beginning to wake in the interest of the long-neglected beauty lying within our own borders. "Listen!" she says, sitting upright in her chair, "why can we not go by the railroad to Swannanoa Gap, and take the stage-coach from there to Asheville, leaving the carriage to follow us to the same place, so that we can travel where we like in the mountains, and finally return by Hickory-Nut Gap? Is not that a good plan, Eric?"

"Only open to the objection that the carriage will be likely to be broken to pieces," says Eric.

"Why, I have heard you say that the roads beyond the Blue Ridge are excellent."

"The turnpikes are generally excellent, but I humbly submit that all roads are not turnpikes; and, furthermore, that to reach the country beyond the Blue Ridge it is necessary to cross the mountains—to do which is no joke."

"I don't know a more serious matter," says Charley. "You are jolted, and bumped, and thumped, until you do not care for any prospect that can be shown to you."

"Pray speak for yourself," says Sylvia. "I am quite sure that no one else would think of putting a few jolts and thumps in comparison with the grandest scenery—"

"In the Atlantic States!" says Charley. "I have heard that from Eric several times. I contemplated this scenery on many occasions, and from many different places, with no great degree of satisfaction; but the trout-fishing—that is something which warrants enthusiasm!"

"And the hunting!" says Rupert, with an ecstatic smile on his sunburned face. "How many deer did you kill last season, Brother Eric?"

"About the carriage," says Aunt Markham, "I am inclined to think with Sylvia that it might be a good plan to send it to Asheville. The idea of traveling about the mountains in stage-coaches and hacks is insufferable!"

"But we are more than enough to fill the carriage," says Eric.

"Take two saddle-horses, also," cries Sylvia, with a bright light springing into her eyes. "One for you, and one for me—how delightful!"

"And how economical!"

She makes a gesture signifying that this consideration is not worth a moment's attention.

"People expect to spend money when they are traveling," she says, "and the cost of the whole expedition will be less than a month at a fashionable watering-place."

"And I'll take the horses along with the carriage," cries Rupert, eagerly. "The rest of you may go on the railroad if you like, but give me a horse forever!"

"Jackson will drive the carriage, and you can ride Cecil and lead Bonnielle," says Sylvia, with the air of a general issuing orders for a campaign.

"Eric, what do you say?" asks Aunt Markham, turning to her eldest son, who is autocrat of the household.

"What is left for me to say?" responds Eric, lighting his cigar. "The matter is apparently settled. I only desire that it may be clearly understood that I am not accountable for consequences. If the carriage is upset and Bonnielle breaks her own legs and Sylvia's neck, nobody is to blame me."

"Nobody will think of blaming you," says Sylvia. "You accompany us under protest—and such trifles as broken legs and necks are to be exclusively our own affair."

The next two weeks are devoted to preparing wardrobes and studying maps. Then, on a particularly warm Monday in August, we set forth on our journey. Rupert and Jackson, with the carriage and horses, started the day before for Asheville, *via* Hickory-Nut Gap. We take the railroad, and turn our faces toward Swannanoa.

Our railroad-journey is uneventful, as railroad-journeys—unless varied by an accident—generally are. The cars are filled with the usual number of thirsty men and dusty women, of invalids, sight-seers, and pleasure-seekers. During the long pauses at the stations, we learn where most of these travelers are bound, and receive a great deal of interesting information about their social and domestic affairs. Few things strike one more forcibly in traveling than the general garrulity and egotism of human nature. This is entertaining for a time, but finally—taken in connection with a choking amount of dust, and a simmering degree of heat—it becomes almost intolerable. At last over the blazing noonday a grateful shadow steals, and, for the first time since early morning, we lift our window-blinds and look out. We are between the villages of Morganton and Marion, and fairly among the mountains. Already there is a greenness over the land, in striking contrast to the parched brownness of the low-country which we left behind; great hills roll up on all sides, and on our right the magnificent dark-blue masses of Table-Rock and Short-Off Mountain stand clearly defined against a lurid thunder-cloud. The road just here follows the lovely valley of the Catawba, and we see the river in the foreground,

with its level meadow-lands, over which suddenly a white rain comes driving in a quick, sharp shower.

"I am sorry this gust has come up just now," says Eric. "I wanted to take you on the rear-platform of the car, and show you a very pretty view of the river-valley, with a glimpse of the Blue Ridge."

But we are not sorry, for the rain is delightful. It dashes in spray against our windows, peals of thunder sound above the clatter of the train, and flashes of lightning dart hither and thither to frighten nervous travelers. It does not continue very long, however. As suddenly as it began, the vehemence of the storm abates, the thunder rolls away, the cloud is evidently passing. A minute later a ray of sunshine falls on the scene, and lo! the earth is enchanted. The shower, which is still falling, is lighted up with prismatic radiance; away in the south dark clouds are piled, but around us all is freshness and beauty. Mists rise, like the white smoke of incense, from the gorges, and when we lift our windows a rush of odor enters—a hundred sweet scents of growing things mingled and exhaled by the dampness.

After this the run to Old Fort is very pleasant. The dust is laid, the heat is tempered, the sunshine is still partly obscured by clouds that dapple the changing landscape with soft shadows, and now and then we have a glimpse of blue heights far away. We pass beautiful valleys glittering with the late rain; we glide by grassy meadows, and streams where old-fashioned mills stand embowered in trees. There is a shimmer over every thing—a mingling of mist and brilliance peculiar to a mountain-scene.

Presently our leisurely rate of speed abates, and we find ourselves at the end of our railroad journey—Old Fort. This place—which takes its name from an old fort that is supposed to have existed in the days of Indian warfare—has only risen to comparative importance since the railroad abruptly and unexpectedly ended here. At least the railroad track ends here, but for many miles beyond the road-bed is graded, and a great deal of heavy work in the way of bridging and tunneling is done, the sight of which moves one to fierce and futile indignation against the plunderers who have worked the people such grievous wrong.

"Is Old Fort a town?" asks Sylvia, looking round as we descend from the train.

"It is before you," says Charley. "Judge for yourself."

What is before us is an hotel perched on a hill. A few other houses are scattered widely and wildly around. Great wooded mountains rise in the background. The hotel piazza seems crowded as we approach—Aunt Markham and Eric in front, Charley escorting Sylvia and myself. We are the last of the straggling procession of passengers, and receive the concentrated stares of all the hotel ladies with yellow-backed novels in their hands, and sundowns on their heads, all the open-eyed children, and lounging men.

"Why on earth do these people stare here?" asks Sylvia, struggling with a veil which she is trying to draw down. "It looks like a very uninteresting place."

"It is healthy, and the rates of board are, no doubt, cheap," says Charley. "Many of the people may also lack courage to cross the Gap—those being esteemed lucky who reach the other side whole of life and limb."

This appalling statement is treated with the incredulous contempt which it deserves as we mount the hotel-steps.

Hamlet says that "there's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so;" and this remark applies with peculiar force to Old Fort. Some people think it a very good place in which to spend weeks and months. Others are averse to spending more time there than the necessary hour which elapses between the arrival of the train and departure of the coach.

We belong to the latter class. After dinner we assemble on the piazza and take a vote for going or staying; and it is nearly unanimous to go.

"Catawba Falls are in the neighborhood," says Eric, anxious to fulfill his duties as *cicerone*. "If you stay until to-morrow you may see them, and they are well worth a visit."

"Stay a night—stay two nights—here!" says Aunt Markham. "It is impossible to think of such a thing!"

"Are the Falls easily reached?" asks Charley, with his usual air of protest against any exertion.

"They are by no means easily reached," answers Eric; "but they can be reached, which is the point, I take it."

"By no means," says Sylvia. "The point is to cross the Blue Ridge as soon as possible. Who cares for falls and cascades on this side? They may be pretty enough, but we are bound to the land of the sky—and yonder comes the coach to take us there. How splendid!"

It is not the coach which draws forth this commendation, but the six beautiful gray horses which are harnessed to it. We watch them admiringly, and Eric calls our attention to the manner in which they are controlled by their driver, who is no less a person than the renowned John Pence.

Of this famous character I have heard so much that I regard him with great interest. My knowledge of stage-drivers in real life being limited, I had drawn a fancy picture of a portly figure in top-boots and a "sprigged veskit;" instead, I see a spare, sinewy man, dark as an Indian, with the eye of a hawk, who wears a pair of the brownest and dirtiest of corduroy trousers, a striped shirt, the sleeves of which are rolled up above the elbows showing thin, muscular arms, and a hat slouched rakishly over his brow. This is John Pence, who for twenty years has driven back and forth over Swannanoa Gap, and whom his admirers declare to be the best driver on the continent. If success is the test of merit, merit certainly must be his; for during these twenty years no accident has ever happened to a coach driven by him; and those expert in such matters say that one hardly realizes the art of driving until one has seen him handle the ribbons.

That we have such a charioteer is a matter for congratulation, since the appearance of the coach is not calculated to fill us with confident hopes of a safe journey. It is evi-

dently old and much dilapidated. It is also heavily loaded. The boot is full of trunks, and as many are piled on top as can possibly be put there. Besides which, Aunt Markham has the anguish of beholding her largest and most valuable one standing on the ground,



JOHN PENCE.

while the proprietor of the house informs her that Mr. Pence says he is overloaded, and that trunk cannot possibly "go over the Gap this trip."

"Mr. Pence!" repeats the lady, indignantly. "Who is Mr. Pence, pray? My trunk *shall* go!—Eric, do you hear this?"

"I hear, mother," replies Eric, "but I don't think there is any redress. The coach is overloaded, and I should not consent to have you enter it as it stands if anybody but John Pence was going to drive. When you see the precipices past which that top-heavy vehicle must pass—"

"Oh!" she says, turning pale, "if that is the case, tell him to take off my other trunk, and Sylvia's and Alice's also."

But Sylvia and Alice protest against this, and a Babel of confusion follows. It is Eric who summarily ends it.

"Let me put you in the coach," he says. "Leave the trunks to me. I will arrange for them to be sent over safely to-morrow."

Then the labor of stowing us away begins. There are already an old lady, a middle-aged lady, two children, and an elderly gentleman, within the coach. By the united efforts of Eric, Charley, and the host, Aunt Markham is lifted and deposited inside. She sinks into her seat with an apoplectic "How fearful!"

I am lifted in next; but, when it comes to Sylvia's turn, that young lady declines to enter.

"I am going up aloft—like the cherub that watches over poor Jack," she says.—"I know you don't want me, Charley—you want to smoke. But Eric will take me with him—won't you, Eric?"

"I wonder if you think Eric doesn't want to smoke?" says Charley.

"He can if he chooses, and you, too, for

that matter—so don't look so disconsolate, but help me over this wheel."

She is assisted over the wheel, and elevated to the deck-seat. Charley sits down by her side, Eric springs to a place by the driver, that illustrious person cracks his long whip, the six horses start with one accord, the heavy coach sways. We are off.

"Over the Mountains of the Moon,
Down the valley of shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,
The shade replied,
If you seek for El Dorado."

This is what Charley sings to an improvised air, as we rattle down a steep hill and cross a clear, flashing, rocky-bottomed stream. The mountains which we are going to scale rise in towering masses before us—splendid heights that seem to defy the locomotive at their base. The gentleman who is our fellow-passenger points out some of the unfinished railroad-work. Aunt Markham looks at it regretfully.

"If only the road were finished to Asheville!" she says.

"No railroad in the country has been so mercilessly plundered, madam," says the gentleman, sternly. "Ever since the war, it has been in the hands of rogues and swindlers, who have stolen every thing but the road-bed—which could not conveniently be made away with."

"I should not be surprised if you were one of the defrauded contractors," I think; but there is not much opportunity for conversation on the great grievance of Western North Carolina. We have begun the ascent of the mountain, and to say that the road is stony would convey but a poor idea of its actual state. It is my settled conviction that no one knows what stones really are until he or she has traveled from Old Fort to the top of the Blue Ridge. The road is covered with them, of every size, shape, and variety, and the constant rolling, jolting, and pitching of the coach baffle description. A ship at sea in a stiff gale is steady compared to it. We settle ourselves grimly to our fate; endeavor to keep ourselves steady by straps or any thing else that is convenient; gasp a brief "Excuse me!" when we are hurled against each other; and, in the intervals of being tossed about the coach, lean out of the windows to admire the wild beauty which surrounds us. At least I do. Nobody else pays much attention to it. Aunt Markham resigns herself to martyr-like endurance, and preserves a martyr-like silence, until a tremendous lurch, which knocks her bonnet out of shape, also exhausts her patience.

"Alice," she says, severely, "if I had entertained an idea of any thing like this, nothing would have induced me to come."

"There's worse than this afore us," remarks the old lady, placidly. "I've been over the Gap times and times—for my daughter's married and living in Buncombe—and my bones always ache for about three weeks afterward."

"If nothing happens worse than a few jolts," says the gentleman, "we can stand them well enough, but I don't like the look of this stage. I told Burgin before we left Old Fort that it was a shame to send travelers

over the Gap in such a conveyance. He said it had been sent from Asheville. I don't believe it will go back there without an accident."

"Good Heavens!" says Aunt Markham, turning pale, as she remembers all that she has heard of the precipices that border the road. "If I had suspected that the coach was not safe, I would never have entered it. —Alice, speak to Eric at once.—Dear me! what is that?"

Chorus of children. "O ma, did you hear something crack?"

Something undoubtedly cracked — and that loudly—under the body of the vehicle. A convulsive swaying and jerking is followed by an abrupt halt and the descent of Mr. Pence himself. Clamor immediately ensues. All the passengers thrust their heads out of the windows and request to be told what is the matter. Mr. Pence deigns no reply to their inquiries, but he says a few words to Eric—who has also descended from the top. The latter at once opens the door and tells us that we must alight.

"A brace has broken," he says. "Mr. Pence is going to send to Old Fort for assistance to mend it—when the assistance

come and look at the tunnel a little farther on. It is an interesting piece of work."

But Aunt Markham does not care for tunnels, and she declines to go. So we leave her seated on a bundle of shawls and waterproofs, while we follow Sylvia and Charley, who have already walked on in the direction of the interesting piece of work. When we come in sight of the tunnel they are just entering it, and by the time we reach it we see their figures at the farther end, clearly defined against the light.

"I have a peculiar horror of these places," I say, as we enter, and Eric points out the admirable masonry. "I never feel nervous in traveling except when passing through a tunnel; but then I always think, 'Suppose a collision should occur, and we should be crushed in the debris of a wrecked train down here in the bowels of the earth!'"

"What a cheerful reflection!" says Eric. "You will be particularly partial to traveling on this road when it is completed, for there are three tunnels just here—two short ones, and one very long one through the Blue Ridge."

"I certainly prefer going over it with John Pence and his six gray horses to burrowing under it like a mole. By-the-by, if the railroad ever should be finished, what will become of John Pence?"

"He will break his heart and die, I suppose."

Midway in the tunnel we meet Sylvia and Charley. We turn and go back with them. From Point Tunnel, looking east, there is a very beautiful, though not very extended, view; and we sit down near the mouth of the tunnel to admire it, while we

wait for the coach. Giant hills, clothed to their crest with verdure, rise around us. The road winds like a thread along the side of the mountain on our left, a green valley lies below, golden sunshine glints down through leaves to which diamond-drops of rain still cling, stillness encompasses us—when our voices cease we hear nothing save the sweet singing of waters in the forest-recesses and the notes of birds. Sylvia makes a pretty adjunct to the picture as she sits in her gray dress and blue veil on a pile of stones, arranging some ferns which she has gathered. Charley, as usual, is lying at her feet, regardless of the fact that the grass is very damp. I open my sketch-book, and make a hurried outline of the scene, writing underneath, "*En route to Arendia!*"

By the time this is finished the coach appears, and, as it halts, Aunt Markham's fan is seen at the window beckoning imperatively.

"This gentleman says the road is frightfully dangerous," she remarks, when we come up, "and the coach is certainly very unsafe. There is no telling when we shall reach Ashe-

ville, or whether we shall reach there at all. We can only trust in Providence."

Some people grow pious whenever they are frightened. Aunt Markham is one of them. She never alludes to Providence unless she desires substantial aid from that quarter.

Eric laughs.

"Trust in John Pence, too, mother," he says. "You may be sure he will take you safely to Asheville."

After this the ascent begins in earnest. The road is almost perpendicular, and so narrow that there is barely room for the coach. On one side the mountain rises in a sheer cliff, on the other are precipices, down which the gaze is lost in twilight. At least once in every half-mile we ford a stream of considerable size, while innumerable rivulets cross our way. There is no point in our upward journey where we miss the music of flowing water. Clear as crystal and cold as ice, these streams come leaping in cascades down the rocky glens, flash along our path, bordered by ferns, shadowed by laurel and ivy, and at last plunge into the tangled greenness of the depths far below. It is impossible to write, in terms which will not seem extravagant, of the forest which covers the great mountains towering across the gorge. The evergreens especially attract our notice and admiration. We see familiar shrubs grown to stately trees, and trees to giants. The spruce-pine, here in its native air, towers to an almost incredible height, the hemlock, the white-pine, the "bonny ivy-tree," the holly, and mountain-laurel—what words can describe the beauty of these, mingled with the lighter foliage of the oak, the chestnut, the maple, the ash, and countless others? Beautiful berries gleam, strange wild-flowers shine like stars, ferns run riot in luxuriance, velvet-like mosses cover every rock and fallen tree.

Up, still up we go, as if we meant to pierce the very clouds. The horses strain, the coach sways, the air grows fresher; in the great shadow of the hills we forget the sultry heat of August lying over the parched country below. We feel that we are on our way to the land of the sky. I say as much to Aunt Markham, who resignedly expresses a hope that we may reach it. After a while the children, who have been devouring large slices of cake, cry out for water, and Mr. Pence obligingly stops by a spring that gushes out at the foot of a gray rock. Eric descends also, and asks for a cup.

"You must all drink," he says, "for this is the head of the Catawba River. A few miles from here, on the other side of the Ridge, is a spring which is called the head of the Swannanoa, so that in the course of one afternoon you can drink from the fountains of two rivers—one of which is bound to the Atlantic Ocean, the other to the Gulf of Mexico."

"Dear me!" says the old lady, "to think of their traveling so far! But I always thought the Swannanoa emptied into the French Broad."

"This is a beautiful place, Eric," I say, hastily, looking at the narrow defile in which the coach stands, the escarpment of the bold



THE BREAK-DOWN.

comes, the coach has to be lifted forward, so you must all get out."

Remonstrance being useless, we are lifted down and set on our feet. Sylvia, assisted by Charley, descends like a bird from her lofty perch—she has a faculty of doing things gracefully which other women do awkwardly. Our prophet of evil scrambles out, and pokes his stick, with an air of triumph, under the body of the coach.

"I said this stage was unsafe as soon as I saw it," he remarks. "It is fortunate that the brace broke just here. If the accident had occurred by one of the precipices a little farther on we should all, madam" (this to Aunt Markham), "have lost our lives."

"I never heard any thing more infamous!" says Aunt Markham, who does not hesitate to use strong terms. "This What's-his-name ought never to be allowed to drive a coach again. The idea of risking our lives!—Eric, do you hear this? We might have been dashed over a precipice and—"

"Not with John Pence at the helm, mother," says Eric; "the thing is impossible.—Now, while we have to wait, suppose you

cliff leaning over us, the green abyss on the other side, beyond which mountains hem the gap. "I wonder if Mr. Pence would not stop long enough for me to sketch it?"

"Impossible," answers Eric. "We have been so much delayed that I doubt if we shall reach Asheville before midnight."

Aunt Markham groans at this. "I shall be dead!" she says. "I cannot endure this terrible jolting much longer."

Despite this dismal prophecy, we go on—higher and yet higher. Now and then, glancing backward, we catch glimpses of the world below—an azure sea broken into a hundred giant billows—and feel that it is pleasant to be exalted so far above it. These glimpses, however, are very brief. We struggle upward for another weary hour. Then comes a sudden halt, and Eric cries:

"Look!"

We look. For one golden minute we grasp such a perfect pleasure as does not often come in this imperfect world. The arduous part of our journey is over; we are on the top of the Blue Ridge; looking back down the mountain up which we have for three hours so laboriously climbed, we see the country we are leaving spread out in the beauty of blue, misty distance. The afternoon is clear and golden, the air of this great altitude inexpressibly pure and fresh. The shower at noon has left the day like crystal; and turning eastward the glance sweeps over an infinite expanse of broken country, range after range of mountains melting into each other, high, cultivated valleys lying between, soft cloud-shadows falling in patches here and there, bold outlines against the farthest distance, the graceful line of heavenly-looking hills melting into the horizon, and over all the refulgent glory of the sapphire sky.

We are now on the summit of Swannanoa Gap, and from this point begins that gradual descent which will bring us to the elevated basin in which Asheville lies. At "Curley's" we change horses and drivers, and not far from here meet the coach from Asheville. It is obtrusively bright and new in appearance. The inside is lined with crimsoned plush—in contrast to our faded leather—and on the seats three fresh and cheerful-looking ladies sit. Two gentlemen are on the top. They all stare at us—we return the compliment. The driver jeeringly tells our driver that he is not likely to reach Asheville before morning—to which the latter replies that he will be there by ten o'clock. With this interchange of civilities we part.

"How odiously complacent those people looked!" says Sylvia. "I am glad they have to go down that steep mountain."

As we advance, the path widens, the mountains recede; dells, and coves, and sweeps of cultivated land appear; now and then we see a farm-house in some sheltered nook, looking very diminutive in the shadow of the hills. Already the aspect of every thing is changed. A greenness like that of early spring is spread over the land; there is a great sense of freedom, of freshness and repose in the pure air. It is Arcadia which we have entered, and which lies around us, serene and peaceful in the long, golden light and deep, slanting shadows of the afternoon.

Presently Sylvia's voice is heard asking if we do not want some information. "Eric is a walking guide-book," she says, "and he has been telling me all about the country. We have crossed the Blue Ridge and left it behind, you know. These mountains on each side of us now are spurs of that chain—those on the left are called the hills of the Swannanoa, these on the right belong to the Black Mountain range. Eric says that in a little while we shall see the Black itself."

"Vive le roi!" I answer. "The Black is 'the monarch of mountains'—at least the monarch of Atlantic mountains. One cares nothing about those enormous and no doubt ugly peaks in the West."

"There is very good philosophy in valuing what we have, and despising what we have not," says Eric. "Yonder is the Black now! Look, what a fine peak!"

"Very fine, indeed!" says Aunt Markham, gazing out of the wrong side of the coach and nodding approvingly at one of the hills of the Swannanoa.

But I see what Eric means. Indeed if he had not spoken I think I should have known that the magnificent crest upthrust against the evening sky could only be the chief of Appalachian mountains. Shall I ever forget that first sight of its majestic beauty? Its splendid peaks were outlined with massive distinctness, and its dark-blue sides were purpling in the light of a luminous sunset. Round the pinnacle a few light clouds were floating, which caught the golden radiance of the west.

"Those form the monarch's crown," says Eric. "It is rare to see the peaks of the Black free from clouds."

Besides the Black, there are other mountains—part of the same range—in sight. Nothing can be more superb than the great lines of Craggy as they trend westward. Its peaks, to the unscientific eye, look as high as the cloud-girt pinnacle of its mighty neigh-

their hues with the changing light. Finally a soft mist, neither blue nor purple, but something between the two, begins to steal over them, and deepen in all the clefts and gorges, as if they were drawing their robes about them for the night.

It is not long that we have this view. The road turns, other mountains intervene, and we find ourselves facing a great pomp of sunset. In the midst of it rises, like a dream of the celestial country, a glorified azure peak of exquisite symmetry, and Eric says, "Pisgah!"

Presently the sunset fades, and twilight softly melts into moonlight. All along their dark crests the mountains are touched with silver, while the pearly radiance bathes valley, and rock, and stream, with a flood of enchantment. The coach and the hours drag slowly on, but the night grows more and more beautiful. We cross again and again a swift, bright stream, which we are told is the Swannanoa, and at last we find ourselves journeying along its banks. Is this an enchanted land of pastoral delight to which we have come? It is impossible not to believe so. Fertile fields and softly swelling hills surround us; houses gleam in the moonlight; the level road over which even the coach rolls smoothly is immediately on the river-bank. We see the current rippling and swirling over its rocky bed with a music which fills all the lustrous night with sweetness. Lovely depths of foliage—drooping trees and tangled vines—fringe its banks. Nothing can be conceived more fairy-like than this charming river. Undine herself in watery form could not be fairer. Though I am growing very sleepy, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration, and the gentleman by my side begins to explain that "Swannanoa" does not mean "beautiful," but "great road, or pass, over the mountains." I listen with disgusted incredulity, and before he concludes have fallen asleep, indifferent to the fact that



ASHEVILLE.

bor, and their effect is nearly as grand. That we see this beautiful range at sunset seems to us a very gracious boon of Fate. Magical shades of color melt and blend into each other as the nearer and farthest heights change

it is the hard wood of the coach against which my head rests.

When I wake we are entering Asheville. The coach is rattling up a long, stony street, lights are gleaming, and there seems a great

deal of movement about. Our journey is at an end, and with a sense of grateful repose we soon lie down to sleep, waiting for the morning to show us what manner of place this is which we have entered in the still, bright beauty of an August midnight.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER IX.

ROSES HAVE THORNS.

"I do not like roses so very much," said Joanna, cautiously putting aside the interwoven branches. "I never did; they have such thorns. They tear my clothes and scratch my fingers. But I do love apple-blossoms. They are roses without thorns, and their perfume is—*is intoxicating*. When I inhale the odor of apple-blossoms, I can't help fancying how pleasant it would be to live in a world of apple-blossoms; for then one might be in the sunshine all day, and flutter in the wind, and never, never work! And yet," she added, penitently, "Pamela says work is a blessing."

"A dreadful task-mistress Pamela must be," said Arthur.

Joanna had begun to gather the roses, clipping them rapidly with a pair of shears, and dropping them into the basket which she had placed upon the ground.

"No," she answered, simply; "it is that I am so very idle." She did not remind Arthur now that he should not call Miss Basil "Pamela."

"But you do not realize that you are now in the very apple-blossom world you were wishing for," said Arthur, waving his hand oratorically. "Why should you not sometimes be idle in order to enjoy it? Some day you will find it gone forever; even now, it is slipping from you day by day."

Joanna colored vividly, dropped her shears, and clasped her hands with a sigh.

"Ah, me!" she said, "when I speak of my fancies to Pamela, she tells me not to be silly; but you seem to understand me. I think it must be, perhaps, because you are yet in the apple-blossom world yourself?"

Arthur was pleased. A compliment of this nature was far more gratifying to his vanity than the just commendation she had passed upon his French; for that praise which implies the bestower's right to sit in judgment on our acquirements is rarely so acceptable as the involuntary recognition of some natural quality, however trivial, that compels admiration. If Arthur had felt humiliated by the tone of calm superiority, unconscious though it was, in which Joanna had expressed her favorable opinion of his French accent, he now felt soothed by the artless delight she showed at his commentary on her childish wish. It is the privilege of human nature to find consolation in trifles, and young Hen-

dall was not a little elated by the flattering conceit that he possessed the rare power of interpreting the human heart.

But he did not feel obliged to exercise his gift of interpretation upon his own heart—else might he have asked himself what magic had suddenly transformed this little Joanna from an amusing child to a study of absorbing interest? He vexed his vanity with no such question; not being wise beyond his years, he only congratulated himself upon the prospect of an agreeable relief to the monotony of Basilwood, where, for the present, he was compelled to stay. Yet he would have scorned the suggestion that a mere desire to escape *ennui* influenced his determination to develop the dormant powers of this fledgling of the Basilwood thickets. It was but ordinary benevolence, he told himself, to wish to improve, by his conversation and advice, this little, untaught girl, thrown on his hands as it were, to whom, while Fortune had been adverse, Nature had been prodigal, if only in bestowing upon her so keen a perceptive faculty. How should it occur to him, in the full tide of gratified vanity, that the perceptive faculty can discern defects as well as merits? Arthur Hendall was very young.

And Joanna, clipping the roses heedlessly, thought, with exultation, that at last some one heard her with indulgence, and understood her. And in her simplicity she asked her heart why it was that Pamela, who, doubtless, loved her well, could not enter into the spirit of her harmless fancies as this stranger did? It was as though some invisible hand had lifted for a moment the veil concealing that enchanted world of which she was ever dreaming, and in which she firmly believed—a world where bright fancies had leave to grow into brighter realities; a world where contradiction was unknown, where hope was never deferred, where trust was never betrayed, and where was never heard Pamela's doleful dirge, declaring that "beauty is a fading flower," and that "all flesh is grass."

Bewildered by a rush of incomprehensible emotions, she was incapable of distinguishing between the fresh and the withered roses, and she gathered indiscriminately all that came to her hand, nor dreamed of the mortification she was preparing for herself against that hour when she should have to sit down soberly to count over her store. How should she divine, half-giddy as she was with the glimpse of that enchanted world, upon the threshold of which she seemed to stand, that she saw only a beautiful vision of impossibilities conjured up by her own idle fancy? The uncompromising Pamela would have told her so without mitigation or remorse; but would she have believed Pamela? Joanna's sensitive, imaginative nature shrank appalled from that grim and bald and naked thing Miss Basil revered as truth.

A well-known voice, softened somewhat by distance, but shrill and penetrating still, broke the spell of silence that had fallen upon the dreaming pair.

"Jo-an-na!" Miss Basil called, or rather wailed, and Joanna started guiltily.

"Ah, me!" she exclaimed, not in fear, but in contrition, while she struggled to extricate herself from what young Hendall,

with an execrable attempt at a pun that was unintelligible to his auditor, termed the *Briareus*; "how I have wasted the morning!"

"Never mind," said Arthur: "I suppose it is only that horrid Pamela; you need not heed."

"But I must! I must!" cried Joanna. "These old roses should have been in the house long ago. Oh, dear! To think that I should have wasted time so! Go away!" she exclaimed, with sudden irritation. "You only *impede* me. I am not—concerned for my dress; let it tear!" In spite of her annoyance, Joanna must still be select in speech.

Arthur, smiling at her ambitious language, desisted from his efforts to aid her; and she, having extricated herself at the expense of her dress, ran down the walk, fleet and graceful as a fawn, and dropping roses at every step.

Young Hendall stood and watched her out of sight, smiling at the pleasing picture she made. Young and handsome, he was apt to flatter himself that he could be irresistible when he chose to be so; but, to do him justice, no thought of conquest entered his head now; and he would have resented indignantly the imputation of trifling with the little Joanna. In his opinion, there was no more possibility of his trifling with her than of her trifling with him. She was only a clever little thing, in whose company he could pass away the time, without incurring the suspicion of serious intentions.

Miss Basil was in the large store-room, as Joanna knew, packing the baskets of vegetables, eggs, butter, and so forth, to send into the town for sale; for this indefatigable woman gave personal attention to every department of the management of Basilwood with which she could have any thing to do. Mrs. Basil, though she chose to ignore the fact that her orchards and gardens furnished supplies to the people of Middleborough, put no restraint upon these financial expedients; for the little sums that Miss Basil's energy and industry accumulated were not to be despised; but, had she issued her decree against sending vegetables to market, Miss Basil could not have looked more morose and woe-begone. Joanna, peering in at the open window, saw that her countenance boded no good, and hesitated to speak.

There was, however, no need to speak, for Miss Basil, as if with an intuitive perception of her presence, looked up and said, "O child!" conveying both in voice and eyes a volume of reproach that immediately put the little Joanna on the defensive.

"What, 'Mela?" said she, depositing the basket on the window-ledge, and assuming a most innocent air, though her conscience reproached her keenly; for Joanna was well aware that she had been idle, and that idleness in Miss Basil's estimation was a sin, but she had no suspicion of the real cause of Miss Basil's displeasure.

"Come in, child, I must speak to you," said Miss Basil, in a milder tone. She was almost disarmed by Joanna's innocent air. "You stay too much in the garden; you'll be getting in Mr. Hendall's way, and that is not becoming."

"I get in Mr. Hendall's way!" exclaimed

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Joanna, as she entered the open door, thrusting her hands into her apron-packets with a comically belligerent air. "Oh, indeed, Pamela"—shrugging her shoulders, arching her eyebrows, and flourishing her hands with that exuberance of gesture inherent in her French blood—"that you know is simply impossible. I am sure I don't get in his way. Can I help it if he meets me? I ought not to be rude, you know, if he speaks."

"Things are very different, now that he is here," said Miss Basil, taking refuge in the hope of fostering a wholesome antagonism between the scion of the old house and the new master of Basilwood. "It is *his* garden, you must remember."

"I don't see that things are different at all," said Joanna, "else why do you go on with the vegetables and things? Indeed, 'Mela, things are not different at all, and never will be. We shall go on just the same as ever."

"Don't talk nonsense, Joanna," said Miss Basil, sharply. "Basilwood belongs to Mrs. Basil, and will belong to Mr. Hendall; of course, that gives him a better right to walk in the garden than you have; you are but an intruder."

"And just for that," said Joanna, plaintively, "must I stay shut up in the house? Oh, very well, 'Mela; but you know that would be the death of me; and the garden is a roomy place, too."

Now, what could Miss Basil say to this? She only asked for the roses.

"Oh, here they are," said Joanna, cheerfully, turning to the window where she had deposited her basket; "any quantity, you see?" She felt that 'Mela could not justly accuse her of idleness when she saw how many had been gathered.

But Miss Basil did not even look at the heaped-up basket Joanna presented. Her eyes had caught a glimpse of an evidence of recklessness that she with her thrifty habits could not disregard.

"Joanna, child," cried she, sharply, leaning over the side of her chair, and catching Joanna's skirt in her thin hands, "how *did* you contrive to tear your dress so?"

"Oh, now, 'Mela, am I to blame because roses have thorns?" said Joanna, looking behind at her dress, a movement that caused her to tilt the contents of her basket upon the floor.

"It is very evident to me, Joanna," said Miss Basil, fretfully, "that you must have been extremely careless to tear your dress so outrageously."

"I was busy gathering the roses," said Joanna, petulantly, "as you may see by the quantity I've brought."

Miss Basil turned her eyes upon the odorous heap at her feet, examined it with sharp scrutiny, stooped and stirred it with her hand; then raised herself suddenly, and ejaculated, with a vehemence that made Joanna start:

"Mercy guide us, Joanna! who helped you gather these?"

"Nobody," said Joanna, with a steady look, straight into Miss Basil's eyes.

Had Miss Basil expressed, by word or glance, the slightest doubt of Joanna's truth,

she must have forfeited the proud-spirited young girl's trust forever; but happily Miss Basil quailed before Joanna's steadfast eyes, and she only said:

"More than half these things are dead and useless trash!"

Joanna dropped upon the floor, blushing crimson, and began nervously to stir the roses with her hands.

"Pamela," she said, deprecatingly, "indeed I gathered them every one myself. I thought them all fresh; but—Mr. Hendall—stood talking with me."

"What did he say to you, you silly child?" asked Miss Basil, laying no very gentle hand upon Joanna's shoulder, and shaking her more roughly than she knew. "You needn't believe in a young man's nonsense."

Joanna turned pale with indignation.

"Mr. Hendall does not talk nonsense, 'Mela; at least—" And there she stopped, in confusion.

"O Joanna, Joanna!" sighed poor Miss Basil, at her wits' end to know how to deliver a judicious and discreet warning to her inexperienced young charge. According to her peculiar views, the remotest allusion to the subject of love was not to be ventured upon in the presence of a young girl without grave impropriety; how, then, was she to warn Joanna not to set her young affections upon Arthur Hendall, how fair soever he might speak, seeing that Joanna ought not to know what that meant? And, in fear of putting the foolish thought into the child's innocent heart, Miss Basil only sighed dolefully, "O Joanna, Joanna!"

"I am the despair of your life, 'Mela," said Joanna, echoing the sigh. "But I am very—penitent; I will not be idle any more, nor careless—if I can help it. I will mend my dress right away."

"Yes," answered Miss Basil, rising promptly, in order, we may suppose, to strike while the iron was hot, according to the words of the proverb, "and I will find you Hannah More's discourse 'On Time considered as a Talent,' which you can read and meditate upon afterward; it will fortify your resolution."

"Oh, no! Oh, don't, Pamela!" cried Joanna, shrinking. "I'll mend my dress with—with the utmost neatness and—dispatch, and be ready for any thing else; but I cannot read that stuff!"

"'Stuff,' child?" said Miss Basil, with calm superiority. "It is food for the mind."

"Pamela, it is as dry as last year's stubble. I could not read it and survive."

Miss Basil's judgment was excellent in all that appertained to practical affairs, but she had no insight whatever into character. "Joanna," she reasoned, "is still the same unregenerate Joanna, and wise in her own conceits. Her good resolutions, being but blind impulses, will come to naught, unless nourished by judicious counsels."—"I will read it to you, my child," said she, inexorably, and thinking that perhaps that were the better plan. If she was debarred from singing edifying hymns to this giddy little thing, should she therefore despair of instructing her through the medium of good books?

Miss Basil read but few books, but she

believed in those few like medicine, which, according to her theory, could never fail to be beneficial, whether swallowed willingly or unwillingly. She was not so weak as to heed Joanna's objections; she had administered with unshrinking firmness many a distasteful dose for the benefit of the child's bodily health; she could certainly do as much for her moral welfare. And if, during the reading, Joanna wiped away a tear or two to the memory of her brief glimpse of the enchanted land, Miss Basil mistook them for tears of repentance, and was mightily encouraged to proceed; all the while enforcing what she read by a running fire of hortatory remarks, as: "Observe, now, the wisdom of this—" "Mark, now, what follows—" "Attend, now, particularly, child—" "Store this up in your mind, Joanna—" just as she was wont, good, zealous creature, with foot-baths and mustard-plasters, to assist the medicines she administered.

O Duty! what mistakes are committed in thy name! The little Joanna, setting ill-conditioned stitches through her tears, resolved in her desperate heart that neither age nor rheumatism should ever persuade her to take pleasure in the respectable Hannah More.

CHAPTER X.

WORDS OF CAUTION THROWN AWAY.

MISS BASIL, reflecting in solitude upon the revelations the little Joanna had made, decided that if a fitting opportunity should offer, she would speak a word in season to young Hendall himself. She had never met him face to face; she could not tell what manner of man he might be, nor what argument would be most likely to prevail with him; therefore she took no thought what she should say to him, but, trusting that the right words would be put into her mouth when the time should come, she contented herself with watching for the occasion—as to going boldly forward and forcing an occasion, that was quite beyond her powers.

However, the opportunity arose at last, in the most natural way possible, when she was not looking for it; and perhaps that was why poor Miss Basil failed to express her mind exactly as she had desired to express it.

Arthur Hendall, with nothing to do, liked to loiter about the garden; the tertian ague that Mrs. Basil still harped upon had yielded to Dr. Garnet's treatment, and he was not to be kept in-doors by any old-womanish fears of a return of the chills. Strolling about, one morning, in search of Joanna and amusement, he bent his steps toward her favorite haunt, the little alcove, where the oleander-bushes grew; and there, leaning against the mimosa-tree, absorbed in a letter she was reading, stood—not Joanna, but Miss Basil. He did not discover his mistake until it was too late to retreat.

Aleck Griswold, as it happened, had been very late with the mail that morning, old Thurston was busy about some errand for Mrs. Basil, and so Miss Basil herself had

waited at the gate, to the detriment of her affairs, for the eagerly-expected letter; and she had stolen to this retreat to read it. What she read therein seemed to work a wondrous change in her; she was no longer the every-day Miss Basil; she had fallen into a dream, and Joanna should have been by to see the mild, benignant face that beamed upon Arthur Hendall from under the big sun-bonnet.

Young Hendall guessed instantly who she was, though she had none of the forbidding appearance he had permitted himself to associate with poor little Joanna's task-mistress. He was relieved to find that there was nothing dragonish about her, and he offered his hand at once, saying:

"You must be Miss Basil, I am sure; and I am very happy to meet you."

She started. Something in his voice, something in his smile, carried her back to a time long past, and disarmed her. She gave him her hand, but turned her face away.

"I trust you are better of your chills, Mr. Hendall?" she said, as she put her spectacles into their case.

"Have I had chills?" said Arthur, as if he doubted the fact. "I am—astonishingly well, thank you."

Miss Basil looked at him gravely. "I hope you never come out before breakfast," said she; "it is very imprudent." Miss Basil would have given her bitterest enemy the benefit of sound views on the subject of hygiene.

"Oh, there is no danger," said Arthur. "I find that my breakfast is generally ready for me, before I am ready for it. And a tempting meal it is, Miss Basil, for which I know my thanks are due to yourself."

But Miss Basil was proof against flattery, and she received this compliment coldly.

"I like to walk about in this old garden," continued Arthur, as if he would fain be on sociable terms with Joanna's discreet guardian. "It is just the soil for—for—"

"For meditation," he was going to say, if any thing; but Miss Basil had fixed a mildly-inquiring glance upon him that completely disconcerted his thoughts.

"It is a very good soil, especially for potatoes and cabbages," said the practical Miss Basil, who knew a great deal more about gardening than about managing a young man; nevertheless, she was casting about in her mind for the word in season.

"And roses?" suggested Arthur.

Miss Basil instantly seized her cue.

"I hope, Mr. Hendall," said she, abruptly, "that my little Joanna is not in your way here?"

"Certainly not," Arthur answered, coloring. He thought Miss Basil alluded to Joanna's presence at Basilwood. "I am sure she is not in my way; I hope you will give me credit for—for some generosity, and good feeling, you know, and all that. Oh, no; don't let such a thought trouble you; she is no more in my way than you are."

It was not a flattering way of putting the case, and Miss Basil, hardly knowing whether she felt relieved or indignant, remained silent.

"How beautifully every thing flourishes

here!" continued Arthur, in haste to change the subject. "I suppose you understand all about gardening, Miss Basil? What is this green thing growing here on the border?"

"That is lucern," Miss Basil made answer, with a sigh. She felt, helplessly, that the subject on which she most wished to talk was drifting away from her; but, knowing that there was work waiting for her in the house, she turned away.

"It is a fine thing for bordering," said he, approvingly, as he walked by Miss Basil's side.

"It is a much finer thing for the cows," said Miss Basil, with a feeling, half pity, half contempt, for his ignorance. "I advise you, Mr. Hendall, if ever you plant, not to make the common mistake of thinking that this soil can grow nothing but cotton."

Miss Basil had mounted her hobby now; and, finding an attentive listener, she forgot Joanna in her desire to prove the folly of not raising enough to eat, and the wisdom of cultivating cotton merely as a surplus crop.

But Joanna herself came to interrupt Miss Basil's disquisition.

"Mr. Hendall," she said, "the grand-mamma wishes to speak to you—im—mediately."

With a big sun-bonnet on her head, and a pair of gauntlets on her hands, she looked like a second edition of Miss Basil. Evidently she was bent upon some important expedition.

"What are you going to do?" asked Arthur, with a lively interest; and Miss Basil awoke with a pang to the perception that she had neglected her opportunity, and she sighed.

"I am going to plant the balsam-vines around the old stump in the corner next the ravine, 'Mela; you told me I might," Joanna said, looking at Miss Basil, and not at Arthur Hendall.

"Be sure you are not longer than fifteen minutes about it, Joanna," said Miss Basil, so peremptorily that Arthur, who, in spite of his aunt's message, would gladly have turned back with her, felt himself forbidden.

Mrs. Basil was not alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, rather stout, and partially bald, sat, or rather lounged, on the sofa, and hardly seemed willing to rise when Arthur entered.

"Oh, how do you do, Sam? Glad to see you. When did you come?" said Arthur, shaking hands.

"Arrived yesterday morning," said Mr. Sam Ruffner. "Dreadfully knocked up, all of us; but thought I'd come round and report, and see how you all are. How is that scratch of yours? You don't wear a sling, I see?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Arthur. "It is forgotten, long ago."

"He won't wear a sling," said Mrs. Basil, plaintively. "But that 'scratch' isn't such a trifle as he pretends, Sam, I assure you; and it might have been a very serious affair, you know."

"Yes, yes—I dare say," said Mr. Sam, easily. "Tremendous distance from our

place here," he continued, turning up his coat-sleeves, and settling his collar. "Must get a horse if I come often."

"Yes, I know; the Harrington place, you have. It is remote," said Mrs. Basil. "Do you make any stay—I mean you yourself?"

"Well," Mr. Sam answered, with a yawn, "I shall make myself handy about the house for the summer."

And then he laughed; but nobody ever did know why Mr. Sam laughed at his own jokes, unless it was to show his handsome teeth.

"I hope your planting interest won't suffer," Mrs. Basil remarked.

Mr. Sam whistled a few notes softly, by way of reply, and then asked, abruptly:

"How do you like Middleborough, Arthur?"

"I haven't seen Middleborough, except as I passed through," Arthur answered. "I was sick when I came, and then we've had wet weather. I haven't thought about the town."

"Haven't found out the pretty girls yet?"

Mr. Sam asked, slyly.

"No," said Arthur; "I leave that for you to do."

"There's no Miss Basil, is there, for you to fall in love with, eh? Such a susceptible fellow!" And Mr. Sam laughed.

"No," interrupted Mrs. Basil, quickly; "no indeed. Miss Basil is old enough to be Arthur's mother."

Arthur wondered if his aunt had forgotten the little Joanna; but Mrs. Basil had not forgotten her at all. While she sat smiling and smiling at Mr. Sam Ruffner's rattling talk, she was thinking over what she should say to Arthur about seeking the little Joanna's acquaintance; for, between Miss Basil and Mr. Sam, Mrs. Basil began to feel some uneasiness. She had looked out of the window and seen Miss Basil walking in the garden with Arthur, and she had jumped to the unwelcome conclusion that the managing woman was beginning already to plan a match for Joanna. She had but little fear, indeed, that Miss Basil could succeed; but Mr. Sam's careless words seemed to warn her that Arthur's susceptible disposition might expose him to some embarrassment from Miss Basil's machinations if he were not properly warned of his danger; and that warning she was determined to give. She did not urge Mr. Sam to remain when he showed a disposition to depart.

"My love to them all, Sam; your mother, and Jane, and dear Cousin Elizabeth. I sent only this morning to inquire about all of you, and I shall lose no time in going to see for myself."

"Do," said Sam; "delighted to see you, all of us."

"All of us!" How Mrs. Basil hated that cool way he had of seeming to appropriate Mrs. Stargold solely to the Ruffners! But she grew more and more gracious as Sam drew nearer and nearer the front-door. "Do come often," she said. "I shall expect you, one and all, to dine with me very soon; and I'll take care to have a pretty girl to meet you, Sam."

"Thank you, thank you! That's my fa-

vorite dessert, you know," said Sam, and ex- it, laughing.

"Hold on, Sam!" cried Arthur. "If you are going toward town I'll walk with you. You've put me in the notion of seeing the place."

"Arthur, my dear," said his aunt, "the walk is so long, and you are not well, remember."

But remonstrance was useless, and she was compelled to delay her admonitions for that morning. However, when she had leisure to think about it, she saw that, if she wished her counsels to prevail, she must choose her time wisely and deliberately. Accordingly, she waited until that propitious moment when she and her nephew were comfortably sipping their coffee together after dinner. Then she asked, with well-assumed carelessness:

"Do tell me, Arthur, what you and Miss Basil were discussing so earnestly this morning?"

"Planting," said Arthur, promptly. "I wonder you don't take her advice in some things rather than old Griswold's. I don't know any thing about the business myself," he added apologetically, seeing his aunt begin to frown; "but she seems to have what I should call progressive ideas."

"She has hobbies," said Mrs. Basil, slightly. "I never listen to her." If Pamela had been giving her views about farming, she wasn't likely to have said much about the little Joanna; but that was no reason why she should not utter her warning. "A most worthy woman is Pamela, but so full of theories—"

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur, "but I thought you once told me that she is eminently practical?"

"Oh, yes, in certain things; but look, for instance, how she has trained up that little Joanna. However, I don't suppose you have any opportunity to remark that?"

Arthur was silent; but Mrs. Basil was not thus to be rebuffed.

"I trust the child never intrudes upon you?" she asked, rather abruptly.

"By no means," replied Arthur, lazily stirring his coffee. "She is rather disposed to avoid me."

"I am not responsible for her training," continued Mrs. Basil, "as I believe I have explained before; but I can never forget that she is the judge's granddaughter, and of course I feel a certain interest in her. I should be very, very sorry if her ignorance of the usages of the polite world should betray the poor child into unladylike forwardness. Miss Basil does not think of these things, and I must."

"She seems a nice little thing, so far as I can see," said Arthur. "But, I say, aunt, why should this Miss Basil and the little Joanna, as you call her, live so aloof from us; why don't they take their meals with us, for example?"

"Arthur," said his aunt, reproachfully, "as if that were my fault. Do you know at what time Miss Basil breakfasts? Somewhere between five and six. Now, do you think I could find an appetite at that unearthly hour?"

"No; nor I," said Arthur, laughing.

"It is Miss Basil's own fault that she does not breakfast and dine with me," Mrs. Basil continued. "But I suppose she finds habit as strong with her as it is with me, and I let her have her own way. I'm sure it's a kindness, if you will look at it in the right light. As to the little Joanna, I have nothing to do with her; and Miss Basil is bringing her up in her own image—her own image; and you see what she is."

Arthur laughed; he was thinking how piquant Joanna looked in that big sun-bonnet going to plant the balsam-vines around the old stump, and he wondered if there were not more balsam-vines yet to be planted.

His aunt sighed.

"I am sorry for the child," she said; "her lot would have been very different, no doubt, had her grandfather's life been spared; but what can I do? Well, this much at least I can do," she said, with a slight laugh, and laying her hand on Arthur's arm—"I can warn you not to give her any opportunity to indulge any sentimental fancy for yourself."

Arthur, toying with his spoon, disguised a frown by a yawn. His aunt's suggestions of prudence, though he did think them unnecessary, made him uncomfortable.

"It is no compliment to you, my dear, I am well aware," continued his aunt, soothingly, "to say that you are vastly this poor child's superior; and of course you can't feel as I do about Judge Basil's granddaughter; but I hope my feelings on the subject will excuse my suggesting a proper degree of dignity and reserve on your part?"

"My dear aunt," said Arthur, with admirable indifference, "what is the use of all this about a child?"

"So she is a child," said Mrs. Basil, forcing a laugh; "and I shouldn't expect you to feel any particular interest in the judge's granddaughter, should I?—I have ordered the carriage for a drive, will you go with me?"

But Arthur, divining that she was going to pay her respects to Mrs. Stargold, excused himself; and his aunt, thinking, probably, that in a first interview she could reconnoitre the situation better without him, did not press him.

Notwithstanding all his aunt's unmistakable hints and cautions, young Hendall, the moment he had attended her to her carriage, went into the garden with the distinct hope of meeting the little Joanna. He had brought her some flower-seeds from the town, and, if she could not plant balsam-vines for his pleasure, she could plant something else.

This is invariably the way in which our young heroes reward our cares. They receive our monitions with a flattering silence that seems to give consent to all we ask, but the moment our backs are turned they rejoice greatly in their strength, and go forth to court the very danger against which we have vainly warned them! It was not Arthur's fault that he did not find the little Joanna, for she was not in the garden. She had gone "across the bridge," as they say in Upper Middleborough when one goes shopping. Her errand was to replenish the spice-box; for Mrs. Basil had given Miss Basil

warning that a dinner-party was inevitable, and that provident house-keeper, wishing to begin her preparations in good season, had dispatched Joanna forthwith in quest of cinnamon and nutmegs and other good things that she knew would be needed.

BITTER FRUIT:

A STORY IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE CHAPTERS.

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER I.

SCUTARI—THE CRIMEAN WAR—MORNING.

IN stress of accommodation for the sick and wounded, a palace of the sultan at Scutari had been converted into a convalescent hospital. It was a long range of buildings; the best rooms opened on to a wide terrace, planted with many varieties of Eastern trees, cyprus, palms, and the like, which afforded a pleasant, shady lounging-place for the invalids, who could be easily carried out on their beds or easy-chairs from the adjoining rooms. Indeed, during the day the terrace became a sort of open-air hospital for those who were well enough to be moved. One angle of the palace had been specially devoted to the use of two or three officers who had been very dangerously wounded.

The locality was very lovely: charming glimpses of the Bosphorus through the trees, with a background of minaret and cupola. The building had been "built for pleasure and for state;" its gaudiness of Eastern decoration intermingled in strange contrast with the stern purpose of its present use, costly furniture and rough camp-beds; the softness of luxury, the hardness of war; and, stranger contrast still, in the very place where women had spent their lives in one monotonous round of sensual degradation, women worked and suffered, and died in devotion to a noble cause. Monotony of wearisome pleasure once, monotony of pain and suffering now; but this last monotony never wearied these other women, a monotony ever evoking new devotion.

The Sister Superior of this Scutari hospital, who held supreme rule over the women nurses, was a lady of indefatigable zeal and enthusiasm; excellent and thoroughly skilled as a practical worker, excellent, too, as an organizer of the work of others, full of calm, quiet, persistent power, which enabled her to break through the ingenious knottings of red-tape officialism, and also to govern her own staff with despotic rule—though the despotism was ever hidden beneath a sweet, enduring, sympathetic smile, from the presence of which insubordination shrank abashed; and, in addition to all this greatest of all gifts, she was great in the power of clear, sound common-sense, which, as a rule, caused every thing she wished to do to be provokingly and incontestably the right thing to be done, and which saved her own mind from those obstinate crotchets which so frequently accompany enthusiasm and mar its value.

Her gracious and thoughtful presence pervaded the whole hospital. People never knew when she slept: like a jealous commander, she was ever on her rounds among the many outposts of pain and distress, ready for every emergency, with skillful palliatives or assuaging sympathy. The red glow of early morning, which fell on the day concerning which our tale is to be told, found her on the terrace visiting room by room; she was about to visit the last room at the angle of the building, which was somewhat apart from the other rooms, when a cheery voice broke on her ear:

"Egad, madam, always at your post; can't catch you asleep!"

"But you, Dr. Sholto," she answered, with surprise, "what accounts for your presence here at this time of the morning?"

"Twelve hours' leave; a swift *caique* from Pera. How's poor Murray?"

"I'm glad to say Colonel Murray seems to be making progress."

"I've not been able to find Bentley—what's his report?" inquired Sholto, anxiously.

"Alas! very sad. Dr. Bentley says the eyesight is hopelessly lost."

"Poor fellow!" replied Sholto, with deep feeling.

"Our doctors have every hope of ultimate recovery, save and except eyesight. Would you like to see the colonel?"

"I came over for that very purpose. I'm his oldest friend."

"His room is here; this last room on the terrace."

"Perhaps he's asleep," observed Sholto; "I hope he is, it's the best thing for him. Let's hear what the nurse says?"

"I'll call her," replied the Sister Superior. She went up to the window, and, drawing slightly apart the heavy curtains which were used in lieu of casements, looked into the room.

"Both asleep," she said, in a low voice. "That nurse has no business to sleep," exclaimed Sholto, with some impatience.

"We must forgive her, doctor," replied the Sister, in kindly tone. "She's almost worn herself to death with close attendance; she's the only person he can bear about him. Dr. Bentley says her nursing has saved his life."

"Like enough," exclaimed Sholto. "Good nursing and good air—woman's devotion and Nature's medicine—better than all the drugs in the pharmacopœia." He went up to the curtains and looked into the room. "Seems a little stuffy, don't it? Suppose we draw back the curtains gently; he can't have too much air."

Sholto and the Sister accordingly drew back the curtains. Colonel Murray was sleeping quietly on a camp-bed; the nurse was sleeping in a large arm-chair near the foot of the bed. Sholto entered the room and regarded the colonel with professional scrutiny; he then rejoined the Sister outside.

"Quiet sleep," he remarked; "breathing regular; that's all to the good. So that nurse has done good service, has she?"

"Inestimable service! Depend upon it, by Heaven's blessing, she has saved his life."

"His life saved by a woman!" exclaimed

Sholto, with some bitterness of tone. "His life saved by a woman! Oh, you women, what are you—angels?"

"No, doctor."

"The other things, pardon me?"

"No, doctor."

"What then?"

"Both," she answered, with a serious smile. "Therefore be merciful to us women. I know something of his story; his wife left him."

"Yes—divorced; he was a proud man, and it broke him down; a hard man, you might call him, but I knew him from a boy. Would to Heaven she had known him as well as I knew him; would to Heaven he had known her better!"

"You knew her, doctor?"

"Both before and after her marriage."

"Was there any good in such a woman?"

"Good and evil," he answered, in sad tone. "Let's be merciful. Evil enough for sin, good enough for remorse when the time comes; but I fear that time has not yet come. Where shall I be likely to find Bentley?"

"Second ward, I think; a very interesting and involved case."

"I'll look for him. Be kind enough to let me know when the colonel wakes."

"I will direct the nurse to send for you;" and Sholto departed.

"Hard man, was he?" murmured the Sister Superior, looking toward the sleeping invalid. "Greatly changed now, poor soul! meek enough, in all conscience. Surely I must have met that Mrs. Murray, years ago, in society? Gay and frivolous, they said. I wonder if she, too, is changed—if she has yet learned the bitterness of heart that follows the laughter of sin? Let's hope it."

She went up to the room and called the nurse in a low tone:

"Graham!"

"Yes, Sister," exclaimed the nurse, starting up from her chair, dazed with sleep. "Forgive me for dozing—it was only a few minutes. The colonel fell asleep at dawn; a very restless night—very restless."

"Mind wandering?" inquired the Sister; "talking in his sleep?"

"Yes."

"That fearful Inkerman, and the trenches?"

"No, Sister; his wife."

"That woman who deserted him?"

"That woman who deserted him and his child," replied the nurse, with tears stealing from her eyes.

"Yes, Graham; his story is a very sad one. I see it affects you deeply; more deeply, perhaps, than could be expected from a woman of even your feeling heart. I want you to be frank with me. You, too, have a story!"

"Oh, no, Sister!" replied the nurse, with a scared expression.

"Yes, yes—a story as sad as his," repeated the Sister; "I'm sure of it. Oh, do confide in me!" and she drew Graham to her in kindly manner. "I don't ask to know your story out of idle curiosity, I only wish to afford you some consolation. Your invalid is asleep; let us sit here and talk awhile."

She led Graham to a garden-bench.

Graham showed some slight reluctance.

"Nay, nay, I insist; remember, I am Sister Superior. You must obey."

She put her arm round Graham's waist, and, with gentle force, compelled her to sit.

"You came to us from St. Bartholomew's?"

"I have tried to do my best," murmured Graham.

"My dear lady—"

"I'm only a paid nurse, Sister!" exclaimed Graham, in a tone of deprecation.

"Let me call you lady; I have long recognized your position in life."

"I have always worked as the others work."

"Far more," replied the Sister, earnestly; "never flinching when others flinched from menial and distressing work, never complaining when others grumbled at hardship and privation, helping by your example, animating by your zeal, insensibly commanding by your admirable tact—all these things revealed to me your true position in life—a lady. I said to myself, 'This woman works thus either in the mighty strength of love and sympathy for human suffering, or from bitterness of heart, which seeks oblivion of sorrows in labors of love. If it be the first motive, let me acknowledge the worth of your example to us all; if it be the last, let me try to afford you some of that comfort you have so freely given to others—to that poor sufferer yonder. Come, my dear lady, let this kiss, a woman's kiss of truest sympathy, open to me the power of consolation.'"

The Sister kissed Graham's lips with a full, fervent kiss.

"Bless you for that kiss!" said Graham, bursting into tears; and she sank on her knees at the Sister's feet.

"You are overwrought," said the Sister, raising her gently—"worn out with this long course of nursing. I mean to exercise my authority, and send you away for a time."

"No, no, Sister!" exclaimed Graham, with sudden energy; "I am quite well and strong—quite well; it was only your kindness which affected me."

"I've been to blame for letting you work so long in this hard manner. I think I can read," she continued, seriously, "the inner motive of your heart—'Let death come quickly, I don't care how soon.' It's not a right feeling; believe me, it's not right. Granted that a wrong, a great wrong—I don't seek to know its history—may have been done to you. Who knows but the heart of the wrong-doer may be touched at last? reparation may be made, happiness may yet be in store for you!"

"Never, Sister, never. Impossible!"

"All things are possible," replied the Sister, earnestly; "have faith, and, let me add, forgiveness also, which is God's greatest gift to man."

"Graham! Graham!" cried Colonel Murray, from the room.

Graham started up to go to the invalid.

"One moment," said the Sister, detaining her. "As soon as the colonel is ready, tell him that Dr. Sholto would like to see him."

"Dr. Sholto!" exclaimed Graham.

"The colonel's oldest friend," continued the Sister. "Why do you start?—he's just come over from the Pera hospital."

"If I started, it wasn't at that," replied Graham, striving to regain her self-possession. "I was thinking of what you were saying just now; perhaps you are right, perhaps I ought to have relief—rest for a short time."

"Graham, too much light! too much light!" cried the colonel, impatiently.

"I'm coming, colonel—coming!" and Graham hurried into the sick-room, and closed the curtains over the window.

"Yes, poor soul," said the Sister Superior, as she marked the anxiety of the nurse to minister to her patient's comfort. "Happiness is in store for you, though you believe it not. A minute more and I would have told you of this letter—it is almost time for the writer to be here."

She took a letter from her pocket, and looked over it; it was to this effect:

"MADAM: I have reason to believe that a lady in whom I am deeply interested is acting, under an assumed name, as a common nurse in the Scutari hospital. I do not know what her assumed name may be. I venture to request the favor of an interview with you on the subject. For reasons which I will not now explain, I desire to conceal my real name. I shall for the time assume the name of
LESLIE."

A nurse entered, and informed the Sister that a Mr. Leslie desired to see her.

"In my parlor!" she exclaimed. "Well, no matter, I'll see him here; it will save me a journey to the other end of the palace."

Mr. Leslie was introduced; the Sister rose to meet him. She saw at a glance that the stranger was a person of cultivated manners.

"Good-morning, sir. I have received your letter—pray be seated;" and she motioned him to a garden-chair, near the bench on which she sat. "Will you give me some description of the lady in whom you are interested?"

"Light, wavy hair," he answered, "bright, laughing eyes, sweet, fascinating smile, which pervades the whole countenance."

"There is no lady here, sir, that answers to that description."

"Indeed, madam!" he exclaimed, with surprise; "my information was very precise."

"No, sir; laughing eyes and smiles have no place here; we deal in stern things, which turn smiles and laughter into tears and sighs!"

"Strange I should be misinformed," he muttered.

"I will be plain with you, sir. What is the purpose of your coming here?"

"Reparation for a great wrong," he answered, in deliberate tone.

"A good purpose, sir."

"Reparation, I swear it; ample reparation. I have been a sad wretch; I deserted her—I—"

"I do not desire a confession," replied

the Sister. "Enough, if you assure me of your repentance."

"Again I swear it!" he exclaimed, in fervent manner; "reparation and repentance. I will not, for her sake, enter into the details of the sad matter."

"Again, sir, I have no desire to know them."

"Do you think this lady is here?" he asked, eagerly.

"There is a lady here," she answered—"a lady not with bright, laughing eyes and fascinating smile, but with eyes full of devotion and tenderness, and, if a smile at all, a smile of sympathy; a lady who is literally sacrificing her life for the sake of others—ever striving to alleviate suffering and sorrow, wearing out her life in this great service. Do you think this is the lady you seek?"

"No, madam, no," he answered, in a disappointed tone.

"Pardon me, I think it is," she continued, with quiet deliberation. "Come, sir, you know best, in the depths of your own conscience, whether you have inflicted upon this lady that bitterness of sorrow which causes a mean nature to grovel in despair, which forces a noble nature to forget despair in deeds of love and mercy."

"Alas, madam, I have wronged her deeply!"

"Can you assure me that you repent this wrong, whatever it may be?"

"I can, madam. I have traveled a long way for this purpose; I swear it—solemnly swear it!"

"Do it, sir, not swear it," she answered, with emphasis; "repentance by acts, not words. Well, I believe—I am not sure, but I believe, when a fitting time comes, I shall be able to restore to you a woman not with smiles and laughing eyes, but a woman schooled in the ways of noblest sorrow, worthy of the highest reverence. May you prove worthy of her!"

"Amen!" he answered, with fervor.

"When may I see her?"

"When her duties permit. You must be good enough to wait patiently. Inquire for my private room—I will take you to see her at a fitting time."

"Bless you, madam!" he exclaimed, warmly, "for your goodness to her and to me. I have been a great sinner—I confess it to my shame—but, by Heaven's blessing, I swear—"

"Again, sir—deeds, not words. I have my duties to attend to; I wish you good-morning for the present."

He bowed and left her.

"That man's heart is touched," thought the Sister; "I don't think I can be deceived. Let's pray it may be so. Graham must be the woman he seeks; we have no other lady among the ordinary nurses. Poor soul! I trust there may still be happiness in store for her. I'm sure he seems sincere."

The Sister Superior was quite right; the man she had been conversing with did seem sincere; but Upton Travers had a wonderful capacity for *seeming*, and had thus been enabled to deceive many sharp men in the world, as well as women.

The curtains of Colonel Murray's room

were drawn aside, and the invalid was led on to the terrace, supported by two orderlies. Graham wheeled out an easy-chair for his use, into which he was duly ensconced, with all the comfort of soft pillows carefully arranged by his nurse.

"Good-morning, colonel. I hope you are better to-day," said the Sister Superior, in a pleasant voice.

"It's the Sister Superior, sir," whispered Graham in the blind man's ear.

"Good-morning, ma'am," replied the colonel, striving to assume a cheerful voice. "I'm better, I think—a little better—don't get all the sleep I ought. However, thanks to Bentley's sleeping-draught, I've had a fair night, thank God!"

"I hope you have all that you require?"

"Every thing, ma'am—every thing; and you've given me the best nurse in all the world. I'm afraid I'm wearing her out, though."

"Oh, no, colonel; indeed you're not," exclaimed Graham, earnestly.

"We invalids are selfish dogs, and that's the truth of it," replied the colonel. "You must send her away, ma'am; she wants rest, I'm sure she does."

"You're quite right, colonel," said the Sister; "we must take care of her, for she won't take care of herself.—Go and lie down, Graham; I'll remain with the colonel till Simpson comes."

"I'm not in the least tired, Sister; indeed I'm not."

"I insist upon it, Graham—I will be obeyed—go at once!"

"Right, ma'am—right," exclaimed the colonel, in a tone of humor.—"Now, then, Graham, right about face—march—to bed!"

Graham withdrew into the colonel's room, but lingered there on pretense of arranging the clothes and bed.

"A letter has come for you, late last night, colonel," said the Sister (taking a letter from her pocket). "Would you like me to read it? The address is written in a large, round hand—a child's hand, I think."

"Minnie's writing! I'm sure it is!" he exclaimed, with glee. "Do read it, ma'am—no, give it me first!" He took the letter eagerly from her hand, and kissed the envelope fervently. "Yes, yes! it is Minnie's writing; I can see that—I mean *feel* that," he added, with a sigh, and he gave the letter back to the Sister. "Read it, ma'am—do read it!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "it'll do me more good than all the doctor's stuff—read it, there's a dear lady!"

The Sister was about to comply with his anxious wish, when an orderly entered with a summons demanding her immediate presence in one of the wards.

"I'm afraid, colonel, I must run away. I'll come back as soon as possible.—Graham!" she exclaimed, catching sight of the nurse in the room, "as you're not gone, you must stay with the colonel till Simpson relieves you.—By-the-way, colonel, as you are so anxious to hear the letter at once, would you have any objection to Graham reading it to you? I am sure she is a person in whom you may place every confidence."

"Certainly—certainly!" exclaimed the

colonel, with feverish impatience; "let her read it—for God's sake, let some one read it! my one comfort—my only love!"

"The colonel wishes you to read this letter to him, Graham." The Sister gave the letter to the nurse, and withdrew, followed by the orderly.

Graham looked with tearful eyes at the envelope, and then pressed it to her lips.

"Now, Graham; come, Graham. Put a chair close to me. Sit down and read it, there's a good woman. It's a letter from my little girl—my only treasure. She's got no mother, poor dear! Begin, Graham."

"One moment, colonel!" Graham brushed the tears from her eyes, and, governing her voice as best she could, began to read the letter:

"DEAR PAPA: I hope you are a little better. I often think about you. I do so want to come and nurse you."

"Bless her! bless her!" said the colonel.

"I am very happy here—I'm so fond of the big doll you gave me."

"The biggest doll I could buy, Graham: blue eyes and golden hair—Minnie's eyes! Minnie's hair!"

"I put her to bed regularly every night, and on Saturday morning nurse let's me wash all her clothes."

"The young puss!" exclaimed the colonel, with a laugh. "A pretty mess of soap-suds, I'll warrant!"

"Still I should so like to be with you and mamma again."

"I told you she had no mother, Graham," said the colonel, in broken tones. "Pahaw! I dare say you've heard the real story. Her mother left me! left her child! You're a good woman, Graham—tried and true: you can understand the meaning of the words, 'left her child.' Go on."

"I wish you and dear mamma would come home, and then we should be all so happy together." Graham insensibly sank from the chair on to her knees.

"Poor child! wretched mother!" cried the colonel. "Go on, Graham."

"Do let mamma come and see me once more. Nurse says I shall never see her again—never, even in heaven, where I shall see dear grandpapa, and Aunt Mary—but not mamma." Graham clinched her hands over her mouth, and tried in vain to stifle her sobs.

"It's very painful," said the colonel, "the poor child's innocent prattle. You see, she was too young to be told the terrible truth; but she'll know it one day—know the story of her mother's sin—know why she can never see her mother again. Pray finish, Graham."

"O colonel, forgive me—I can't read any more, it's too painful!" She started convulsively to her feet. "What! never again—never again on this earth?" she asked, in painful tones.

"Never, Graham—never!"

"Never in heaven? But, if she repent—God bless this wretched woman!—if she repent?"

"Repent! vain, miserable, frivolous coquette!" replied the colonel, in a tone of bitter contempt.

She answered his hard words with vehement protest: her voice was raised to a painful pitch; her form dilated with agony and despair.

"But, I say, if she repent; if she casts away that sin; if she gives her life to God's service; to hard work for the sake of others; to labors of love and mercy; sacrificing her very life—What!" she cried, in a heart-rending shriek of anguish and despair. "Never in heaven—never in heaven!" Her voice produced a terrible effect on Colonel Murray; his countenance was flushed with rage. Weak as he was, he struggled to his feet.

"Graham!" he exclaimed, "where are you? Send her away! that woman! that wretch! Graham, I say, where are you?"

"Here, sir," she answered, terror-stricken at the effect of her words.

"Send her away, I tell you—send her away—not the pollution of her presence here—"

"There is no one here, sir; we are alone."

"I heard her voice, I tell you. I heard her voice!"

"No one has been here but myself."

"Not that accursed woman who was once my wife?"

"No, colonel, only Graham—your nurse; no one else has been here, I assure you."

"Good Heavens, is it possible!" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "Your voice, when you spoke just now, was *her* voice—her very voice. I'll swear to it."

"Perhaps, colonel, that letter recalled the past, and all its sorrow."

"Perhaps, perhaps," he answered, feebly; "but it's very strange, my mind is quite dazed. Oh, all this excitement is too much for me. I can't bear it. Graham, your arm!" She clasped her arm round him and tenderly helped him back to his old position. He felt the comfort of her assistance in his great weakness. "Graham," he murmured, in a faint voice, "you're a good woman, tried and true. Heaven has sent you to me in my sad affliction. If I ever recover and go back to England, you must be Minnie's nurse—Minnie's nurse—promise me," and he fell back in the heavy exhaustion of utter debility, with his head resting on her arm.

After a time she gently laid his head upon the pillow, and sank down on her knees at his side, covering her face with her hands.

"Vain, frivolous, miserable coquette," she murmured. "Never again on earth! never in heaven!" And while he slept she kept vigil with the remorse that gnawed her heart.

Dr. Bentley, the medical officer in charge of that section of the hospital, suddenly came upon her in going his rounds.

"What's the matter, Graham?" he inquired, seeing her on her knees.

"I was merely picking up this letter which I had dropped," she answered. "A letter from the colonel's little girl in England. The Sister desired me to read it to him, but it was almost more than he could bear."

"Dear, dear," said Dr. Bentley, with impatience, as he marked the colonel's exhausted condition. "This is very wrong; he ought to be kept perfectly quiet; you should have

stopped reading when you saw the letter affected him. A little discretion, my good woman—a little discretion; remember, violent agitation might be fatal at any moment."

"I'll be very careful, sir—very careful. It sha'n't occur again," she answered, with tears in her eyes.

"There, there, don't cry. I know you try to do your best. You can go now, and wait in the colonel's room. The colonel has a visitor." In obedience to the doctor's order, Graham retired to the colonel's room. Bentley waved his hand, and Sholto joined him.

"Here he is, poor fellow," said Bentley, "you see him at his worst; he's been upset most unfortunately through the nurse reading to him a letter from his little girl. It was more than he could bear."

"One never can trust these nurses," replied Sholto. "Perhaps I'd better come later."

"No, no, Sholto; it will do him good to see you when he wakes; besides, I want to know your opinion of the case—rest and peace of mind, it seems to me."

"O Bentley, there's no anodyne for that last want."

"You say the child's coming out?"

"Yes, with her aunt. I should think they'd be here shortly."

"That will be the best anodyne," observed Bentley. "I'll leave you with him. I must push on—alas! a new batch of wounded is expected to-day."

Sholto drew a garden-chair near the patient's bed, and watched his friend as he slept.

"Poor Frank," he murmured, "head on arm just as he used to sleep at school. How time flies! it seems only yesterday, the joy of the cricket-field, and all its triumphs; and now it's Scutari, and the Victoria Cross, and death. Not one bit altered, though—the same man all over; cold and repellent and tender-hearted as a boy; cold and repellent and tender-hearted as a man; a stone on the surface, a woman's heart beneath. Would she could see him now in his sore affliction! No; Paris for her, and the feverish revelry of the new empire."

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried the colonel, painfully, in his sleep, and presently he awoke. Graham started at his voice, and came to the window, but retired back on perceiving Sholto's presence.

"Hullo, old boy!" said Sholto, softly.

"Who is it?" inquired the colonel.

"It's Sholto—run across from Pera to see you;" and Sholto laid his hand on the colonel's.

"Thanks, old fellow, thanks; it's very good of you;" and the colonel grasped Sholto's hand as firmly as his strength permitted.

"How are you to-day?"

"So-so," replied the colonel, feebly.

"Getting on, hey?" said Sholto, cheerfully.

"Or getting off."

"Yes, yes; getting off the doctor's hands. Egad! a good joke—bravo, Murray!"

"It does me good to hear the jolly old laugh, Sholto; but, at the best, I'm not much

of it. I've been wanting to see you very much."

"What is it, old fellow? What can I do for you?"

On pretense of mixing some lemonade, the ingredients for which were placed on a small table within earshot of the colonel's chair, Graham made excuse to draw near the speakers. She advanced with anxious effort to catch the words they spoke.

"Sholto," said the colonel, feebly, "you once said you would do any thing for me I wanted."

"I did," replied Sholto, heartily, "the day we left Harrow, and I'll do it, by God!"

"I knew you would, old friend; it's nothing for me—but Minnie. I've been a fool, Sholto—trusted a lot of speculative scoundrels; I've been hard hit; and then the cost of that accursed divorce-bill; there'll be next to nothing for Minnie when I die."

"As bad as that, old boy?" exclaimed Sholto, with sympathy.

"Only too true—too true," murmured the invalid, sadly.

"Come, old fellow," said Sholto, warmly, after a minute's thought, "take heart. I've only one child of my own—Minnie's age—Minnie shall be my girl. I'll look after her, my word for it," and he grasped the colonel's hand.

"God bless you, Sholto! The old, true grip; the old, true heart."

"From this day forth, Murray," said Sholto, solemnly, "Minnie's my daughter as well as yours. Keep your mind at rest on that point. Any thing else, old fellow?"

"No, no," answered the invalid, in evasive tone. "Nothing, nothing."

"Come, come, there is something. I'm sure there is; be frank with me, Murray."

"It's nothing but some stupid fancy in my head. I suppose it comes from taking these opiates. Sholto, I could have sworn that that woman had been here just now."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Sholto, with surprise.

"That woman—here, in my very presence—or else it is that Graham's voice, the nurse, sounds exactly like hers."

"The nurse's voice! Bless the man!" said Sholto, with a laugh.

"The same tone, I'll swear," continued the colonel, with increased vehemence. "For God's sake, Sholto, don't let there be any mistake about this; it would kill me."

"My dear old boy, pooh!—nonsense—absurd!"

"But the voice!" reiterated the colonel; "my ears could not be deceived. O Sholto, the bare thought of that woman being here utterly upsets me."

Striving to listen with painful effort, Graham insensibly stole still closer to the colonel's chair.

Sholto marked with alarm the intense excitement of the patient, and he felt it was necessary to put an immediate end to the painful doubt.

"I can't answer for similarity of voices," he replied, in serious tone; "but let us have no mistake about this matter, Murray. Your suspicion is utterly unfounded. I tell you

with extreme pain, but I tell you on the best authority, that at this very time that wretched woman who was once your wife is leading an abandoned life in Paris."

At these words Graham involuntarily struggled forward, and, stifling speech in a suppressed groan, gazed with agonized expression in Dr. Sholto's face. He started when he saw her, but immediately regained his self-possession; he fixed his eyes with stern expression upon hers.

"I repeat, colonel," said he, in deliberate voice, "that at this very time that wretched woman is leading an abandoned life in Paris."

"Thank God, she isn't here!" exclaimed the colonel, with intense relief.

Graham sank down beneath the doctor's terrible gaze, and swooned at his feet.

The Sister Superior entered at that very moment, followed at some distance by the *soi-disant* Mr. Leslie. Dr. Sholto went up to the Sister, and, pointing to the fainting woman, whispered in her ear:

"That nurse is utterly exhausted by hard work; she must leave this hospital at once."

HIGH-FLYING AND ITS DANGERS.

THE recent occurrences which have illustrated anew the need of great caution in balloon-ascentions are useful also in emphasizing the dangers of high-flying in general. It isn't necessary for a person to attach himself to a bag of hydrogen gas to get so far above the solid earth as to be unable to exercise the self-control which is essential to the proper management of one's own affairs or those of others. "The high-flier," says Swift, "is one who carries his opinions to extravagance," and it is plain enough that this may be done by various methods of inflation and mismanagement. Using old gas and a worn-out balloon seems to have contributed to the fall of Donaldson. In the majority of accidents from high-flying, it is not so much the mere elevation reached as the too careless and hasty mode of ascent and descent that does the mischief. The French *aéronauts* who lately died from suffocation in the Zenith balloon did not merely fail in getting so high up as they expected, but, by their own lack of self-control, prevented themselves from accomplishing the work to which their lives were devoted. M. Gaston Tissandier, the survivor of the unfortunate expedition, attributes the act of his associate Sivel in throwing out the ballast at an immense altitude to the "vertigo of high regions." This overpowers the judgment of the victim, and makes him eager to go up higher without any regard to the precautions necessary to safe ascents. M. Tissandier rightly concludes that "he who is not able to restrain himself is not fitted to be an *aéronaut* in high regions." When we remember that the Zenith balloon only reached an elevation of about twenty-five thousand feet, less by twelve thousand feet than the height attained by Glaisher and Coxwell in their famous ascent in 1862, it is all the more to be regretted that its progress upward should not

have been so moderated as to be consistent with safety.

When Lord Ellenborough told a lawyer who was attempting some ambitious rhetorical flights, "You incur danger by sailing in high sentimental latitudes," he doubtless had in mind a good many instances of professional shipwrecks in such courses. The idea was lately expressed in a different vein of humor by an Alabama judge, who interrupted a soaring young orator with, "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir! Don't you go any higher: you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court." Perhaps, in this particular case, the counsel might have truthfully retorted on the court that it didn't take much of an intellectual effort to get beyond its comprehension, and have suggested that a prudent enlargement of jurisdiction would be desirable if it were possible; but the advice from the bench is more than likely to have been sound, notwithstanding.

It is clear enough that "the vertigo of high regions" which, in the opinion of M. Tissandier, caused his associate Sivel to throw out ballast recklessly in order to rush up more rapidly, has its counterpart in the conduct of men and women in every-day life. And the principal trouble is that those persons who have the least ballast in the way of intelligence or judgment are the most ready to rid themselves of the little they have. Like the misguided balloonist, they throw over the very things which are absolutely necessary to enable them either to go up or to come down with safety. "Excelsior" is doubtless an excellent motto, but I have sometimes thought that Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem has been the means of making ambitious and ill-balanced mediocrity climb too high either for comfort or safety. That young traveler of his only found a grave on the snowy height to which he carried that banner with the strange device. Wasn't the youth a trifle reckless and foolhardy to disregard the warning voice of the old man about the dangers of the pass at such a time? To resist the appeal of the maiden, even at the cost of a tear, might be considered a creditable example of anti-sentimentalism; but to brave the perils emphasized by the matter-of-fact peasant showed a rashness which may be pretty poetry, but was assuredly bad management for the young man.

There is, no doubt, truth in Daniel Webster's well-known saying that "there is room enough up-stairs." It is full of encouragement to all who are able and willing to climb as near as they can to the legal eminence on which Webster stood. But such an eminence implies great toil and great fatigue, and many aspirants for forensic distinction whom these words would encourage, are deluded by the idea that they can reach it in their rhetorical balloons. It is only after repeated failures in high-flying, after their gas-bags have burst in the upper air, or come down with very dangerous rapidity to the ground, that they realize the importance of at least having proper ballast and prudent management in their aerial craft. Mr. Glaisher, the eminent *aéronaut*, has pointed out the contrast between the conditions of success in climbing a high mountain and of reaching

the same elevation in a balloon in a way which may serve to illustrate the dangers of high-flying in general. The very ease with which the balloonist soars upward is apt to make him careless of the precautions which are necessary for human safety at a great height. He does not always sufficiently consider whether he has physical strength enough to endure the strain upon the vital powers in a highly-rarefied atmosphere, and starts off without attempting to put himself in the best possible condition for his upward flight. In an hour he mounts as high as the Alpine traveler gets after two days of continuous toil, which thoroughly tests his powers of endurance. It is only persons of exceptional strength and activity who reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and the many who fall soon learn their deficiencies as mountaineers, and are obliged to acknowledge them by going down instead of up.

Is there not something parallel to these experiences in mountaineering and ballooning in the occurrences of every-day life? How many people there are who will not take the trouble to climb the heights of social or professional eminence, but insist upon trusting to their gas-bags! Some of them, to be sure, get pretty well up in the world, but they are apt to become giddy, to have what aeronauts call "the vertigo of high regions," to be suffocated with success, and end by being ignominiously wrecked. Too many of them, alas! fall like Lucifer, never to rise again, even if they survive the dangers of a single ascent or descent. Was there not something besides mere satire in what seems the cruel remark of the English wit, who, on seeing a carpenter tumble through an ill-constructed scaffolding, said that he liked to see a man go through his work promptly? Is there not a retributive justice in having the reckless builder wrecked by his own scaffolding, the blundering engineer hoist by his own petard, in order that others may be warned of the dangers of an aspiring incompetence, whose rise is the sure prelude to its ruin? Examples of failure in ill-advised attempts at high-flying are peculiar to no class or profession. Robert Hall hit off the follies of too ambitious sermonizers when he told the young minister who longed for the great preacher's praise of his discourse that there was one fine passage—"your passage from the pulpit to the vestry." Hardly less severe was the way in which Curran raised the hopes of a political writer by saying, "I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," only to dash them by replying to the inquiry, "And what was that?" "A penny bun, my friend!" What a scathing rebuke to a corrupt politician who gloried in his infamy was the comparison made of him by Thurlow to a chimney-sweep, who, having climbed by dark and crooked ways to eminence, cries aloud to the world to witness his dirty elevation!

There is something melancholy in the fact that no amount of expostulation or argument will avail to keep some people from risking every thing they have in high-flying ventures. The experience of others will be vainly cited to persons who are for the time so far controlled by an ill-regulated ambition as to be

unable or unwilling to recognize the need of special skill and training for reaching the heights of worldly success, or of maintaining their equilibrium when they get there. "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps," and the same intellectual weakness or want of balance which makes a person undertake a task for which he is unfitted, disqualifies him for profiting by any temporary success which he may happen to attain. In fact, this very success is apt to hasten his downfall by wholly unsettling his judgment and leading him on to greater recklessness.

The experience of most persons who have made fortunes or reputations suddenly by a single lucky hit, instead of by long, and laborious, and intelligent exertion, attests the justice of this view. The great railway kings, as they are sometimes called, the monarchs of speculation on the stock-exchange, usually die poor. This was shown not long ago by reference to numerous cases in this country confirming the conclusion drawn from the career of Hudson and other great operators in England. "It takes," said shrewd old Nathan Rothschild, "a good deal of wit to make money, but infinitely more to keep it." Men like Rothschild, and the Barings, and Vanderbilt, are something more than speculators in the securities in which they deal; and the ample knowledge which they possess of the intrinsic value of their property distinguishes their operations from the gambling ventures of mere stock-jobbers, no matter how extensive.

It is curious to see at how early a period in human history the passion for high-flying was developed, and how the merely physical aspects of it were only one phase of the ambition to soar. Is not the myth of Dædalus and his son Icarus a most felicitous illustration of the way in which such undertakings originate, and some of the participants in them come to grief? They sought to escape from the anger of Minos as so many people try to escape from the unpleasant surroundings for which they are themselves so largely responsible. Those wings which Dædalus made were ingenious contrivances, no doubt, and enabled him to arrive successfully at Cume. He knew the dangers of high-flying, and kept within prudent distance of the earth; but his less discreet son Icarus flew so near the sun that the wax which fastened his wings to his body melted, and brought him down, not to the earth, to be sure, but to what was nevertheless a damper of his hopes and extinguisher of his life—the sea. The youth had been warned by his father of the danger of high-flying, but to no purpose. Judged by recent occurrences, the young fellow, overcome by "the vertigo of high regions," had that morbid and uncontrollable impulse to go higher to which M. Tissanier attributes the fate of his associates in the Zenith balloon. Whether we regard the story from the view of Parnassus as meaning the invention of sails, or look upon it in the less practical aspect suggested by Lucian as a case of intellectual high-flying, matters little as to the lesson to be derived from it. The reckless sailor, whether in air or water, runs a similar risk as the young Icarus, who, on Lucian's showing, learned astrology from his father, but,

not having the master's skill and knowledge, "soared above plain truths into transcendental mysteries, lost his reason, and was drowned in the abyss of difficulties." In any aspect of the affair, it illustrates the dangers of high-flying, whether incurred through congenital weakness, lack of proper parental education or supervision, or the headstrong folly of youth, which of itself must have some antecedents in a defective training, whether by individuals or society, to account for it.

A very curious feature of high-flying ventures is the way in which persons of marked ability are sometimes led into them, although the goal of their ambition is in an opposite direction from that where they have achieved reputation and success. The laurels of Miltiades keep awake youths whose capacities are any thing but warlike. Frederick the Great, on the other hand, thought more of his execrable verses than of his splendid victories, and Richelieu was eager to be esteemed a poet, notwithstanding his preëminence in statesmanship.

The painter of those familiar scenes in the humble life of his countrymen, whose fidelity and skill have earned for him the title of the English Teniers, was unwise enough to conceive these subjects to be unworthy of his powers, and attempted to achieve fame in another branch of art. Dazzled by the success of Sir Thomas Lawrence as a portrait-painter, Wilkie sought to compete with that fashionable but overrated artist. He failed, as he deserved to fail, for leaving a field to which his genius was peculiarly adapted for a department foreign to the bent of his powers and the habits of his life.

As a general rule, in high-flying ventures, whether in real or ideal balloons, it is the coming down that is the most dangerous part of the business. In ascending, every thing is attractive up to that height at which a descent is rendered necessary by the impossibility of keeping human nature in equilibrium in the thin atmosphere. The insufficiency of pressure from the outer air, which at great elevations is not enough to counteract the distention of the liquids or fluids in the aeronaut's body, is paralleled, in the case of the high-flier in every-day life, by the absence of that common-sense the presence of which is so necessary to keep human beings from soaring to too giddy heights or to preserve their strength and vitality when they get there. Of course, there is reason for risking something in these upward flights, but only when the value of the object to be attained is commensurate with the danger incurred; if the interests of science or of humanity demand the venture, the lives, reputations, or fortunes of individuals should not be regarded as of paramount importance. Yet even in such cases the danger should be lessened by every precaution which knowledge, and skill, and training, can suggest. Experience shows that it is only when daring degenerates into foolhardiness that serious accidents are likely to occur. High-fliers in every-day life are like Pilatre des Roziers, who had a *montgolfière*, or a balloon filled with hot air from a fire, suspended underneath the balloon filled with hydrogen gas in which he made his final and fatal ascent. He knew, as Professor

THREE WEEKS OF
SAVAGE LIFE.

I WAS not altogether pleased at first when mine host, Mr. Leonidas Berkely, proposed to drop me off his schooner, or rather his sail-boat, into the canoe of Tommy the Indian. True, I had agreed to this long beforehand, requested it as a favor, in fact; but then Tommy looked a good heavy shade more repulsive in person than I had anticipated, and, as to his canoe, it was the frailest, crankiest-looking thing I had ever seen.

Imagine a great, square-shouldered, half-nude savage, whose features betokened stolidity, cruelty, cunning, and dishonesty, if nothing worse, standing in the middle of a little slim shell of a canoe, the thin gunwales of which were already nearly on a line with the water-surface; then think of a pretty stiff wind blowing and white-caps running glibly, and connect all with the idea of stepping off a stanch sail-craft plump into the canoe alongside of the Indian, knowing that from that moment you would not see a white man for a week at the very least! I felt my flesh make a movement as if preliminary to disintegration, and for a moment I was not wholly myself. In fact, my first impulse was to utterly refuse to trust my precious body to the mercy of wind and wave and all the sharks in San Lucie Sound.

Berkely no doubt discovered my trepidation, for he at once began to bustle about the miniature half-deck and to hurry up the necessary preparations for translating me with bag and baggage into the canoe. I saw at once that I was really in for it. I could not back out if I would, so I went to wrestling mightily with my nerves. I set my teeth like a vice as I took hold of the rope and swung over the boat's side. Instantly two strong hands grasped my legs and guided them into the bottom of the canoe. I would have fallen out into the water immediately if I had not squatted down in the bow. The foam leaped all round the gunwales, the canoe danced like a roasting pea. Down came my long, lance-wood bow and my bundle of arrows, and were stowed beside me. Then my huge provision-box was lowered and set across the middle of the canoe, its ends lapping far over the gunwales. Then "Good-by, old fellow! wish you big luck!" came from above, and, before I could get my mouth ready to return the salute, I felt the frail, loathery bark affair under me leap like a rabbit, and casting back a glance I saw the "schooner" of Mr. Berkely going away from me like a phantom.

How that Indian could handle a paddle! We fairly whistled through wind and water. My nerve came back to me at once. The canoe couldn't possibly sink or turn over. It was a charmed thing. It was sentient—endowed with instinct! I drew in a long breath and sat bolt upright, letting my eyes wander over the creaming waves to the limit of vision in the direction of our flight. The wind was boisterously musical, and the green salt water was in a high glee. Away before, as a slender crescent of sand lay between

the surf-line and a low shore-bank, set with clumps of slender palmettoes, and fringed with coarse, rush-like grass. The sun was low and we were running right in his face, so that as I looked over my shoulder his light shot into my eyes with blinding effect. Soor, however, we dipped through the margin of shadow as if we had found those shore-lines one sees on maps, when all at once a sense of delicious coolness and misty dampness, like that which hovers about a water-fall, crept over me. The salt air had never before smelled so sweet. A flight of white-winged plovers overhead let fall upon us a silken rustle of plumage. One extreme follows another. I suddenly became as bold as I had lately been timid. I actually turned round so as to sit facing our course. To be sure, I accomplished the feat by a series of gingerly moves, but, when I once got round, what exquisite, what charming sights I saw! We flew into the mouth of the crescent, and lo! a creek opened, as if by magic, into which the canoe waltzed like a Frenchman, after which the white-caps disappeared, leaving us upon a tranquil surface, over which our little vessel slid like a new moon down a June sky. Points of marsh-land, heavily overgrown with rushes, struck out at us, but the creek interposed its silvery hand, and as we glided on we heard the low swash of the lazy tide in the miniature inlets. Presently a swell of hummock-ground, with a cineture of dusky palmettoes and dotted with pines—a very garden of the South—rose up before us. The paddle-strokes grew slower, gentler, and then, just as a breath of flower-perfume gave us a hint of wild-blooms, with a little jarring of the canoe and a short jerk, we touched shore on a keen blade of sand sheathed in the bosom of the creek.

"Git out, ugh!" was the word of command from Tommy.

I obeyed, but, in doing so, awkwardly pressed back upon the vessel's prow, and sent it skating away from the bank, whereupon I fell flat upon my face in the sand. Tommy made a wry mouth, a sort of hideous smile, as he paddled in again.

"Ugh! dam scare!" he remarked, as he picked up my provision-box and lugged it ashore.

I made no reply, but busied myself with taking care of my bow and arrows, which Tommy scorned to touch, he, no doubt, looking upon my London-made weapon with much the same sort of contempt that backwoods-men used to have for "new-fangled" rifles.

We dragged the canoe ashore, and, under the muscular guidance of Tommy, I was soon at home, bag and baggage, in the Indian's hunting-lodge, which stood on the highest swell of the hummock. Berkely had given me some instructions; therefore the first thing I did was to present Tommy a huge new pipe and a pound of tobacco. He took the gift in silence, but I saw I had won him. His face softened, and he wagged his head pleasantly.

We filled our pipes then, and, lighting them just as the sun touched the horizon, sat down in front of the palmetto-thatched hut facing the sound, with the sweet wind singing in the pines overhead, and smoked like two

Charles, a distinguished brother aeronaut, told him, the danger of thus putting fire beside powder, but this did not prevent him from taking his life in his hands. How many people there are who, like Roziers, carry with them the fire that destroys their fortunes, or, like Icarus, fly so near the sun of their hopes that the wax which fastens their wings melts, and brings them to speedy ruin! It seems delightful, of course, to soar away above the earth, and doubtless the thought of rising so high as to make other people and their concerns dwindle in the distance has much to do with the desire which prompts so many high-flying ventures. To lighten one's airy craft by precipitating the sand-bag of criticism or satire upon those below, is not the least part of the satisfaction which many persons take in getting up in the world. This was just the feeling which M. Godard, the companion of the distinguished aeronaut Flammarion, had when he emptied out a bag of ballast upon two French police agents who demanded his passports, begging the *gendarmes*, as he did so, to come up and verify them. "The two police agents, as they continued their journey," naively remarks M. Flammarion, "doubtless meditated upon the modifications that would have to be introduced into the institution of the mounted police force as aerial navigation comes more into vogue."

It is to be hoped that these ascents in the upper air will some time or other be turned to better account than they have been thus far. There is a sad significance in the fact that the aeronaut who was so confident of his ability to cross the Atlantic in a balloon lost his life in one of our own lakes, through the neglect of the precautions which his own experience naturally suggested. Another experienced American aeronaut, Professor Wise, anticipated Donaldson in his idea of the feasibility of an aerial voyage to Europe, but, as neither Congress nor the capitalists appealed to were willing to advance the necessary funds, the professor escaped the watery danger that proved fatal to Donaldson, and died peacefully in his bed. It may not be generally known that Wise gravely proposed to capture the castle of Vera Cruz, during our war with Mexico, by means of a balloon loaded with bombs, which were to be showered upon the fortress at the distance of a mile above it! Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, did not favor the project. The experience of the Franco-German and our own Civil War has not demonstrated the efficiency of balloons for offensive purposes—their utility being limited to observation of an enemy's position, and the communication of intelligence. It is well that Professor Wise was not enabled to risk his life in this attempt. And there are many high-fliers whose salvation is due to a wholesome lack of assistance from those who are able to aid their perilous schemes. There is, of course, no good reason to believe that, short of the millennium, there will be an end to reckless attempts at rising above the limits of individual capacity or endurance, but it is not too much to hope that the progress of education will reduce these evils to a minimum by throwing a clearer light on high-flying and its dangers.

small volcanoes. We smoked and smoked in silence, watching the myriad waves leap and wrestle and tumble round the low-lying bars and marsh-fringed islets beyond the mouth of the creek, till the twilight died and the stars came out and hung in the sky like great fruit-clusters, ready to fall into the dusky liquid depths of the sea. Then we went to bed, and I slept through the delightful December night without a break in my rest.

When I awoke it was gray dawn. Tommy was already up and gone, leaving behind him the fragrance of tobacco-smoke. I drew on such clothes as I thought the state of society demanded, and ran down to the water's edge to bathe my hands and face. The merest breath of wind was abroad, and so still was every thing that the boom of the sea was distinctly audible. To breathe was to become intoxicated with delight. Long and lovingly I dabbled in the cool salt-water, absorbing its healthful essence through every pore.

Suddenly I became aware of the presence of a companion, a beautiful, slender, tawny animal, skulking under the fringe of rushes on the other margin of the slim finger of water. It did not seem to see me. I withdrew from my bathing-place, and went to get my bow and arrows. When half-way to the lodge I heard a sharp, angry cry, half growl, half scream, that started the blood in my veins with painful suddenness. I ran and snatched my bow, strung it, seized a handful of arrows, and hurried cautiously back to my bathing-place. The animal was still there, but it was now standing on its hind-feet, making its fore-paws play about its head, which was covered with blood and foam. I drew a steel-pointed shaft full to the bracing, and let drive. It struck the thing in the breast, and passed in to the very feather. A lunge, and a plunge, and a plash, and here came the agonized animal, over and over through the water, growling and howling terribly.

Whiz! thwack! An arrow from a point higher up the creek struck it in the head and settled it. A few struggles, and it lay floating near the hither edge of the water. When I walked down a little nearer, I saw four arrows in the cat, instead of two; and, with a grunt of satisfaction, Tommy joined me. He held in his hand a stubby bow, a foot and a half shorter than mine, and almost twice as thick. He had a quiver of short arrows at his back. Instead of paying attention to the dead animal, Tommy put his hand fondly on my bow and said:

"Ugh! dam good! ugh! shoot hard!"

According to instructions from Berkely, I returned this compliment by some very fulsome flattery of Tommy's admirable weapons and his skill in their use. Then we hauled the dead cat to land, and over its body we silently welded our new-born friendship, and henceforth our mutual confidence was firmly established. For the first time in my life I had found a true archer-companion, one who could rightly appreciate me and my love of the long-bow and arrows. This savage sportsman at my side was in an instant dearer to me than all the enlightened men who had ever laughed at what they were pleased to call my "medieval crotchets," my "mild insanity for

a useless weapon of antiquity." And Tommy, too, was an Ishmaelite on account of the long-bow. He had come out of the Everglades because his companions had, as he expressed it, "got rifle too dam much. Ugh! bang! bang! Scare all deer, turkey, crane, bear, clear off—ugh!" O noble red philosopher! your words went to the thirsty places of my being! They were sweeter than flute-notes heard from afar!

We skinned the cat—not gymnastically, but literally—and, after a thorough bath and a short bout up the creek to look for tracks, we took breakfast in the open air—such a breakfast as Tommy's jaws never before had closed over.

Think of a wild Indian eating jelly-cake and canned fruit, to say nothing of chow-chow and sardines, along with the broiled meat and crackers! Berkely had laughed at me when he saw me stuffing my box with these things, procured at no trifling expense at the Indian River settlement above his place; but, if he had seen Tommy consuming that jelly, he would have awarded me high honors as a caterer for a savage hotel. The red-man smacked his lips delightedly, and, when at last he was filled, he drew a long breath, and grunted after the manner of a bassoon. As for me, I enjoyed seeing him eat. He displayed a satisfaction utterly child-like.

Over against the wide door of our house a half-dozen palmetto-trees were fancifully grouped together, forming a charming arbor, their great fans lapping across from top to top. Their gracefully rough stems, penned in five or six feet high with the bone-like middle of their fallen leaves, gave them a weird, skeleton look, but under them a kind of wire-grass made a most inviting carpet. Here we went for a smoke, and to mature some plans for the future. Tommy began to be more sociable and communicative, giving me a rough outline of the surrounding country while he mended the feathers of some of his very elaborately-finished arrows.

Of course, after the morning's adventure, I expected to see a tiger-cat everywhere, and was surprised to learn that the one just killed was the first Tommy had seen for months. He had heard it prowling around in the night, and had got up early to look for it. Deer, too, were very scarce, he said, but turkeys and wild-fowl were plentiful and near at hand. I drew from him, by degrees, his theory of archery, which was summed up about thus:

"Any stick do for bow—good arrow dam heap work—ugh!"

On close examination I found his bow to be the stem of a small sapling split in halves, with very little finish; but his arrows were a wonder of exact work, and feathered on the true scientific principle. I could not bend his bow in the slightest, and, when he had strung it, it would have taken the balls of my fingers off to have drawn an arrow to the head on it, yet his great horny hands used it without any trouble, sending an arrow of his make farther than I could, with my bow, shoot the best-footed Highfield target-shaft! My hickory hunting-arrows, made at great expense by a cunning carpenter, and pointed

by a smith of approved skill, were appreciably less nicely adjusted than his. You could easily discover the difference, watching their flight through a long shot over open ground. Here was a triumph of savage cunning over enlightened science and art!

What a fortnight followed my introduction to Tommy! It was a short, deep draught of the kind of life I had so often dreamed of and longed for. I became a savage of the purest type. In less than three days I could paddle a canoe second only to Tommy himself, and at the end of a week I knew a long list of Indian hunting-tricks, and had become a third better shot than when I landed at the hummock. What days spent coasting about the fringes of the inlets for wild-fowl, or stalking the thickets and savannas for turkey! When I think of it now I can hear the short, dull "flap" of Tommy's bow, and the shrill hiss of his deadly arrow, ending with a peculiar "chuck" as it puffed the feathers from a duck, or struck a turkey through and through; and I live those days over again.

From the first, I recognized Tommy as my master in the noble science and art of archery, and I labored hard to win his approbation by some achievement worthy his notice. At last I accomplished this. He had a broad-feathered arrow, that he had named "Floohou," on account of a peculiar roaring sound it made in its flight. You could hear it two hundred yards. Once he shot this arrow at a plover standing on a point of sand. It went roaring close above the bird's back, making it settle low down, as if struck at by a hawk or frightened out of its wits. I was at Tommy's side when he shot. The bird was a good hundred yards away. He did not miss it five inches. Now was my time, and I settled myself to my work. Selecting a light, slim-feathered shaft, I planted my feet firmly, measured the distance with my eyes, drew to my ear, and let go. It was a glorious shot. The arrow went like a ray of light, noiselessly, unwaveringly right to the mark, striking the bird in the craw, and killing it on the spot. I leaned on my bow as gracefully as I could, while Tommy gave me my meed of praise. He patted me on the back, and wagged his head significantly; he grunted in various keys, and finally wound up with—

"Beat—ugh! good! nice! dam!"

On one of the sweetest days that ever blessed a semitropic country we drifted in our little canoe out of the creek's mouth, and shot off among the wilderness of islands, beyond which the ocean kept up its eternal booming on the reefs. I let Tommy do the paddling, while I, pretending to keep on the lookout for wild-fowl, lay almost at full length, gazing over the gunwale, enjoying the delicious sail.

The water was as smooth as glass, and the tireless arm of my stalwart comrade sent the light vessel along like a swallow skimming the surface, with scarcely a ripple in the wake. It was while I lay thus that Tommy gave the finest exhibition of archery I ever saw—the finest, probably, ever seen by any one. An albino fish-hawk, almost snow-white, came drifting over us, high-up in the calm reaches of mellow sunshine. Tommy let fall his paddle on the bottom of the ca-

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noe, and seized his bow and an arrow. He stood upright, his half-nude body swaying to the motion of the boat. For a moment he steadied himself; then, fixing his keen eyes on the bird, he drew with such power that the great muscles on his dark arms writhed into big kinks, and the tough timber of the bow seemed strained ready to break. When he let go, the arrow fairly screamed through the air. I could not follow its flight, but I saw a puff of snowy feathers as the hawk whirled over, and came slowly tumbling down, impaled on the shaft!

That night we slept on a mere tuft of an island, in full view of the open ocean, and had the bad luck to be caught in an awful gale, which flung the spume of the hungry white-caps to the highest point we could find, coming very nearly washing our boat away in spite of us. The worst was over, however, in less than three hours, and then what a sweet sleep I had on the cool sand, washed as clean as any sheet by the ebb and flow of the water in the pulse of the storm! I remember that when I awoke the sun was above the eastern limit of the ocean-plain, and Tommy was sitting close down by the surf-line, smoking his pipe, and looking not unlike a giant bull-frog. Far away I saw a white sail. Some ship had been driven out of its course by the storm. In a short time it had dipped below the horizon.

When we returned to our lodge, lo! it was gone on the wings of the storm, blown entirely away. No great loss, however, for Tommy erected a new one, larger and better, in less than two hours. For the remainder of the day we lounged on the stiff wire-grass, smoking and dreaming our dreams with a heaven blue as turquoise above us, and the wind, like a cool stream, washing us from head to foot. I had adopted, in the main, Tommy's fashion of dress, and with it I had received a new insight into freedom. Savage liberty is indeed something for poets to be fond of. There is no other liberty. Free limbs give free thought. A fashionable coat knocks all the poetry out of the soul—a pair of patent-leather boots can ruin a deal of philosophy. Let in the wind and sun to your skin, and you will absorb and assimilate the very essence of healthful Nature, after which it will well from your heart in song as true and grand as that of the sea.

Several miles back on the main-land west of our lodge was one of those coffee-colored lakes so common in Southern Florida. It was a tranquil, wood-locked sheet, reflecting in its brown depths the magnolia and bay-trees that fringed its margin. We reached it by infinite labor, poling our canoe up a narrow, crooked, Styx-like stream, which every here and there was choked up with rushes and giant aquatic weeds, many of them flaunting variously-tinted flowers. The lake was called by Tommy "Crane-crane," on account of the numbers of cranes and herons that haunted it. We camped near it for several days, enjoying some delightful sport with the long-legged, stately-stepping birds.

Tommy and I took turns about paddling the canoe round the edge of the pond, while the other lay in wait for the wary victims. I

killed a beautiful white heron on the wing, no doubt an accidental shot; but Tommy, who witnessed the performance, praised me roundly, nevertheless. Our leading adventure, however, was with a huge alligator, which came near ending me most ignobly by a twirl of its tail. We had headed the big fellow off from the marsh he was making for. He seemed stupid and slow, as if something had but half aroused him from his winter torpor. An arrow or two that bounded from his flinty hide served to somewhat enliven him. He raised his head and gaped at us. Simultaneously Tommy and I let him swallow a couple of broad-headed arrows. What contortions! He came tumbling toward me, and in my hurry to avoid him I tripped on a bunch of saw-palmetto, and fell full-length on the ground. The next moment the giant saurian's caudal weapon just grazed my body, a blow that would have bowled over an ox! He escaped very easily, plunging into the mud-slush of the marsh. This was as much alligator-fun as I could stand.

Day by day the fascination of savage life wound its silver snare—threads closer and tighter upon me. Its sweetest part was the idling time at noon and night, when, stretched under the pavilion of a palmetto-tree, or lying on the white sand of the beach, I felt time drift by me, like a fragrant tide, every moment a bubble, and every hour a warm, foamy wave of quiet joy. Sometimes, too, while floating at the will of the tide in Tommy's little canoe, a breath would fall upon me, as if fresh from God's lips, and I would suddenly become, in truth, a living soul. To and fro—to and fro, the little cradle swayed, rocked by the shining finger of the sea, lulling me to sleep, with the wind above and the water below me. How refreshing and yet how quieting those

"*Infais bercements du loisir embaumé!*"

No man with a soul can resist them—no man who has once tasted their unique effect can forget it ever. The other extreme of savage life is the wild joy of the chase, the whirl of the arrow—the hard, successful shot, the struggle with danger "by field and flood." Then the camp-fire, the deep, sweet sleep and the healthful awakening, the play of strong muscles and taut sinews—ah, what all does enter into it! Running from one limit of this life to the other is the essence of rugged, utter freedom—the freedom of nakedness, if you like; the freedom to run, and leap, and yell; to lie down when you list, and get up when you please; to eat freely and drink copiously; to smoke good tobacco without seeing elevated noses and hearing polite imprecations; to meet Nature face to face, and put your hand familiarly against her cheek, and talk to her as if to an equal—all this I did with a gusto, and found it all good.

But I must hasten with my rambling story. If I stop to reflect, I shall never know where to end. We went from one bright place to another—out of one charming excitement into another.

Our next trip was down the coast to shoot curlews and marsh-hens on a reach of strong rush-marsh hemmed with a beach of sand whereon ran innumerable birds whose names

I did not know, a sort of stilt, I should say. They could dodge an arrow with surprising ease. We dwelt on a tussock of this marsh for a week, shooting till our limbs ached, then resting and smoking to surfeit, bothered very little with insects, intensely happy, and careless of the morrow. We bathed in shoal water, rolling and tumbling in the freedom of nakedness, just out of the reach of great sharks that now and then lifted a sword-like fin above the green surface of the sea, swimming round and round, sniffing the fragrance of our clean flesh, no doubt, and longing to munch us. Ah, what a lover salt sea-water is! It embraces one all over, and thrills him through a thousand nerves to his remotest marrow. If there were no sharks I should be delighted to undertake to swim from the Florida coast to the Queen of the Antilles!

But all things have an end, and betimes my savage life drew near its close. I started with a feeling of sudden pain and sorrow—a sort of sore sinking at heart, when, one night, sitting out by the water under the great red stars, I happened to count the days I had been with Tommy. Seventeen days! Three or four more, and then farewell! Tommy was lying near me, smoking away as peacefully as a bit of punk in still weather. Good, strong, free Tommy! my model archer! how could I ever leave him and tear myself away from this glorious, careless life by the warm sea? But duty is inexorable. The days leaped past, like fawns in a fright; and one morning we saw, from our door, the white sail of Berkely's schooner shining beyond the creek's mouth. A puff of white smoke from the larboard-bow—a moment, and then, boo-oo-m! a signal from Berkely's heavy fowling-piece. I must get ready. Must I go? I looked at Tommy. His face was inscrutable, but he began to get ready my things to hurry me off. Perhaps the dear fellow was tired enough of me—who knows? I sighed, and swallowed a lump of discontent that seemed ready to choke tears from my eyes.

Again my box lapped over the gunwales of the canoe, again I sat a-squat in the forward part of the frail thing, with my bow and arrows beside me. The green water whispered to me from the flying keel, the wind sang to me and the reefs boomed far eastward, but I felt no shiver of delight leap through me. I was waking from my sweet dream—bidding adieu to my wild life, never to taste it again. The musical dip and ripple of Tommy's paddle were like a dirge. I pulled my cap over my eyes.

"Hillo! All ready there below?" cried Berkely.

I clutched the rope in a desperate mood, and climbed aboard the schooner. My box and my weapons followed me.

"Good-by, ugh!" said Tommy.

"Good-by, dear friend," I replied, and then we flew apart like two sea-birds, and all was over!

The only tangible thing I have by which to remember those wild, sweet, savage days, is a stuffed flamingo-skin. The bird was killed by Tommy.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

A TRIP IN A FISHING-SCHOONER.

IN October of 1873 I arrived on the coast of Cape Breton in the good bark Ethan Allen, homeward-bound from Madeira. The exceptionally favorable winds we had enjoyed now left us, and it was only after battling with heavy squalls and gales and adverse currents for several days, at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that we succeeded in making the port for which we were bound, and we were quite able after that to realize why insurance premiums are doubled after October sets in on all vessels sailing for that inhospitable coast. It took all day to beat up the long, narrow entrance to Sydney harbor, and we passed a steamer which had gone on the bar in a gale two days before. The prospect was rendered still more cheerful by a crowd of damaged vessels which had been wholly or partially wrecked in the appalling hurricane of the previous August. Of Sydney little can be said that is inviting. The lay of the land is very much that of our own New England, but vegetation is more sparse, and the general appearance of the landscape more sad and sear. The bay is spacious and well protected, affording several excellent harbors for ordinary weather, but the town presents a singular blending of squalor and thrift, the former being the first feature to impress the stranger on landing. Shanties and grogeries, disreputable to a degree, abound, and lead one to think he has fallen on some maritime Laramie or Cheyenne, while to the westward new houses, glorying in the tawdriness of white paint, green shutters, and flimsy verandas, indicate that the place is not altogether going to the dogs. Coal is the chief stock in trade, and the supply is apparently inexhaustible; the whole island is, in fact, intersected by seams of the black mineral. The veins run under the harbor at Sydney, and are worked to a considerable depth. The population is, consequently, mining, combined with a large floating class of fishermen and seamen, ever ready to "splice the main-brace" and chuck the rosy girls of Cape Breton under the chin. It must be added that they do not always stop there, and street brawls, as may be easily imagined, are not uncommon. It is difficult to fancy any one lying awake o' nights sighing for Sydney.

This port has of late years become a great resort for our mackerel-fishermen. It is not far from Cape North, one of the fishing-grounds, and the fish are also found toward the close of the season off the harbor. Seventy of our schooners made Sydney a rendezvous during the previous summer, and it is indeed a stirring and beautiful spectacle to see the graceful little craft dodging up and down the long entrance to the harbor, or darting hither and thither in white groups, like sea-fowl, in search of schools of mackerel. So fascinated was I by the sight of these schooners that, on finding my bark was not going to return to Boston, I at once decided to get passage in one of the schooners, if possible, in preference to the steamer.

Fortune seemed to favor me. The skipper of the Anna Maria came aboard to bring us some fresh mackerel, and told us he was to start the following morning for home, going, for the first time, by way of the Bras d'Or, which I had long wished to see. He kindly offered me a bunk and a share of grub for myself and dog. I jumped at the proposal, and early the next day sent my traps aboard; we peaked the mainsail, tripped the anchor, and stood out to sea. The Anna Maria was twenty-four years old, forty-one tons burden, and had a small forecabin and a diminutive trunk-cabin aft; five men slept forward, and there were six of us, or seven including a dog, in the cuddy. The deck was lumbered up with a quantity of fish-barrels and tubs, and the whole vessel was in an unmentionable state of dirtiness, resulting from twelve weeks of fishing.

There are two entrances to the remarkable sea-lake called the Bras d'Or, which separates Cape Breton Island into two nearly equal portions. Within a short time a canal, scarcely half a mile long, has been cut through the isthmus, permitting the passage of vessels of small burden. It is about sixty miles from the two eastern straits or entrances to the canal. The southern entrance is impassable except for steamers and boats. We struck for the northern passage called the Great Bras d'Or, having a leading wind, without which it is impossible for a sailing-vessel to pass in. The navigable channel is very narrow, the tide runs through it like a mill-race, and, for the first few miles, any vessel getting ashore there is exposed to the full sweep of easterly gales.

There were seven schooners in company with us, all keeping so closely together that the bowsprit of one would almost overhang the taffrail of the next one; sometimes one would becalm another, and thus shoot by. Finally, one of the schooners got slewed aside on a bank, and had to be left behind to get off as she could. Happily for the rest, a pilot appeared at this juncture in a dory, and agreed to pilot the little fleet. He carried us as far as Kelly's Cove, when, fog and twilight both coming on, we all dropped anchor, and the pilot proceeded to levy toll before leaving us for the night. He was a curious specimen of the genus *Bretoniensis*. Keeping his eyes always down, while he hung on to the side of the vessel, he rattled away with great volubility, which was evidently increased by the bad whiskey he had taken before coming off to us. "I don't care for any bluidy silver. A little bluidy pork or beef, a little bluidy salt or bluidy jigs, you don't want any more, my hearties, or any other bluidy thing will do me just exactly as well. I should be only too glad to take such a pretty schooner through them narrows for nothink, but don't ye sees we can't do nothink for nothink in Cape Breton no more than nowheres else. And that's the truth. That'll do, that'll do. I don't want ye to rob yourselves.—Fish-bait? no, got enough of the bluidy thing. There's no need of my coming off to ye the mornin', all ye've got to do is just to keep that p'int close aboard, and ye'll be all right; and remember them two spar-buoys on the star-board beam, and one on the port, and there

ain't no other bluidy thing in the channel that the likes o' ye need to be afeard of; and I'm very much obliged to ye, gentlemen, and I wish ye a pleasant v'yage," and off he went to repeat the farce at the next schooner.

We found ourselves anchored for the night in Kelly's Cove, under Kelly's Mountain, the highest land on the Bras d'Or. It is an isolated ridge, which I estimated to be about twelve hundred feet high, but so bold as to resemble a wall, and give an impression of greater height. Evidences of the tremendous hurricane of the previous September were everywhere visible. The wind had felled the largest forest-trees in ranks mile after mile, or where the squalls had been most violent had cut swathes through the woods as the scythe of the mower lays the grass. This was the case all through the Bras d'Or. Many houses and barns were felled or injured; at Arichat sixty houses were blown down. Vessels were everywhere destroyed; all through the trip we came across wrecks on shore.

The boat was lowered, and skipper and I went ashore on a foraging expedition among the farm-houses. We found the people generally were "Heelanders," as they called themselves, among whom Gaelic is still the vernacular; some actually being unable to converse in English. They were mostly Roman Catholics. We finally brought up at a small house, where we spent a couple of hours chatting before an old-fashioned ingle-side, over whose bright blaze the kettle was singing. A dance at a farm-house farther on was proposed, and skipper offered to bring off the schooner's fiddler to stimulate the heels and quicken the hearts of the lads and lassies; but, owing to the lateness of the hour, the plan unfortunately fell through. A brace of geese and a pail of milk were the results of our expedition; it was so dark that the buxom hostess snatched a brand from the hearth, and gave it to us by way of lantern, and we thus reached the boat without spilling the milk.

We were again under weigh the next morning, but the wind was so light we made but little progress. The good weather was improved to clear the deck and clean the vessel. We passed some plaster-cliffs, which furnish material for many of the best ceilings in our cities, and add a striking feature to the scenery. We also had a fine view up the Little Bras d'Or, and left the shire town of Baddeck on our right, at the bottom of a deep bay. At night we again anchored, at Grand Narrows, and skipper and I repeated our foraging expedition. We were lucky enough to come across some very nice people, bearing the famous names of McNiel and McDonald, Roman Catholics, but well-informed, and familiar with the best writers of the day. They entertained us so hospitably that I was moved to send them a little Madeira the next morning, and, in consequence, just after we were under weigh, a boat overtook us, bringing a supply of milk and eggs, which very materially added to the slender stock of pork, beans, and molasses, which constituted the commissariat of the Anna Maria. But generally the people are a pretty rough set, with a decided talent for brawling

and drinking. When we were going aboard at night we came across three sturdy fellows, well braced with gin, and altogether too willing to fire off the guns they carried to make them pleasant companions.

After leaving Grand Narrows the passage widened into a broad lake some twenty miles across at the widest, deeply indented with bays and studded with large islands. Fish and game abound here, we were informed. At sundown the fleet was becalmed in the middle of the lake, which was glowing and magnificent beyond description under the splendor of a sunset of extraordinary beauty and variety of tint and hue. As I gazed entranced on that spectacle I did not wonder that they called that sea-strait, so rarely combining lake and river, the Bras d'Or. Golden were its shores, golden its waters, and golden the tranquil sky which overhung and imparted to it half its wealth of beauty.

The shooting-stars and the night-breeze came together, and we watched the one and fanned gently along before the other, until at midnight we again neared dangerous navigation, and came to an anchor. On the following day we passed a noted Indian settlement, where there is a large church with some wigwams. The Indians of this region assemble in spring and summer on their island, and attempt to keep up the dances and other ceremonies peculiar to their ancestors.

The scenery now became exceedingly romantic and beautiful, often resembling the Thousand Islands, and the region is so little inhabited as scarcely to seem a country that has been settled for two hundred years. Islands of all sizes, sometimes mere knolls tufted with birches and pines, divide the lake into numerous winding channels for a long distance. The ship-channel is often so narrow and tortuous that it was with great difficulty that even our short schooners, capable of turning within their own lengths, could be worked without going ashore. One of them here ran her nose into a mud-bank, on which we also touched, and so firmly that she lay there several days.

Just before evening the Anna Maria, heading the fleet, reached the canal at St. Peter's. In an hour she was again on the Atlantic, but so difficult is the way out into the harbor that we touched on a rock in a dangerous situation.

While we were getting her off, a party of Indians landed close under our lee, and in a very few minutes they had put up several bark wigwams, and the dusky shades of evening were rendered picturesque by the smoky gleams of their fires. The little cove where we were lying, the forests on one side and the wigwams and strange forms moving before the light and reflected in the water, the last lingering rays of sunset on the other, vividly outlining the rakish spars of the pinks rocking in the port; the splash and swing of warps in the water; the quick movement of boats here and there, with phosphorescent drops twinkling on the oars; the shadow of the spars, and the tread of feet on the deck, as schooner after schooner warped past us in the starry gloom—presented a singular and effective scene.

Early the next morning we worked out of

St. Peter's by Madame Island. The threatening character of the weather inclined us to go into Arichat, but a land-breeze sprang up after sunset. All night we flew before it under press of sail, and next morning had run one hundred and forty miles, and were abreast of Halifax. On the following day our good weather came to an end. A gale was coming on, and, after pounding with a heavy sea several hours and starting a leak, we were just able to work into Shelburne, where we lay three days. Shelburne possesses the finest harbor in Nova Scotia. What is also in its favor is that it is easy of access, and is often made a harbor of refuge. The settlement is, however, but a wretched makeshift for a town, like most places in the eastern provinces, but has considerable ship-building, which gives it some appearance of thrift. It also abounds with herring, which are eaten in such quantities by the Bluenoses that it is said of them they cannot pull off their shirts in spring because of the fish-bones sticking through their skin! The weather was still dubious when we put to sea in company with fifteen sail, all bound to the westward, but we hoped the easterly wind would hold to take us across the Bay of Fundy, the worst bit of navigation, owing to its fogs, rips, reefs, tides, and currents, to be found anywhere on the coast of North America. But, in fact, nowhere does a close inspection of the ledges along the Nova Scotia shore inspire one with pleasing sensations, nor are such names as Ironbound or Ragged Harbor pleasingly suggestive. I never can pass that forbidding coast without thinking of some grim monster showing his teeth ready to crunch the bones of hapless victims. The vigor with which the new Dominion has assumed the reins of government is nowhere more evident than in the increased attention bestowed on light-houses, which have hitherto been infamously scarce, considering the character of the coast, and have been badly kept and lighted.

During the day we passed a large ship high and dry on a reef, going to pieces. The wind freshened at night, and we stood across the bay of Fundy in fine style. The next morning it was thick and nasty, blowing a gale of wind, with a heavy following sea. Wing-and-wing we "kihooted" before it under a press of sail such as only our fishermen indulge in. The least carelessness of the steersman might have sent us to the bottom. "A man must have his life insured who sails on the Anna Maria to-day," said one to me. At noon a violent squall obliged us to take in sail; they jibed the foresail and brought the lively little craft around just in time to get control of her, laying her half under water as she came up to the wind. We ran till night under close-reefed foresail, and then hove to near Cash's Ledge till morning. Then the wind came howling out of the west, and, as the skipper forcibly expressed it, "it everlastingly screeched." We had but one suit of sails, they were old and worn, and the foresail split and gave us some trouble; our stock of provisions was running low, and there was some reason to fear we should be blown to the eastward again.

During all these days the spinning of yarns

went on without intermission fore-and-aft, and I gained new ideas of the constant and almost incredible perils to which our fishermen are exposed, especially on the Georges and off the Magdalen Islands. The most amusing circumstance was to see how through it all these hardy fellows managed to retain characteristics purely human; for example, the habit of croaking, and of finding fault with those on whom the responsibility devolved. Did the skipper carry sail hard, they said he did not know when to take it in; did he prudently seek to spare the only suit we had, or avoid running on the land in the fog, they said, "The worst fault a master of a ship can have is to take sail in too soon." Like unwhipped school-boys, they thought they knew every thing, and, like sailors in general, exercised very little foresight or provision for contingencies. Of course on a vessel where all sailed on shares, any regular discipline was out of the question, the authority of the skipper being nearly nominal, the man making it rather than receiving it from the office.

Our skipper was a man of the most imperturbable good-humor, but a good seaman, shrewdly adapting himself to the unruly spirits he had to deal with, and generally exercising control without appearing to do so. "Come on, bullies, let's take a turn on the main sheet," was the usual form of an order; or, "Keep her off a little mite, Uncle Mike!"

The watch usually consisted of two men, one at the wheel, and the other acting as lookout, and oscillating between the stove in the cabin and the bows, with a strong gravitation toward the former. The clock forward was half an hour ahead of the one aft; I don't know whether the fact was generally known, but I think it was known to some; I observed that some of the watches were shorter than others.

One night two of the leading fault-finders were directed to tack ship in their watch, there being a heavy sea running at the time. Three times these self-sufficient fellows tried to bring the schooner about; three times they failed, mouthing enormous imprecations, and with such frequent mention of hell that I fancied I could smell brimstone. The skipper, meantime, quietly lay in his bunk, and enjoyed the discomfort of his defamers. At last he put his head up the companion-way and said, "Your jib is eased off too much; haul down the jib and she'll come around all right!" They obeyed, and the schooner was off on the other tack at once. He said nothing more, but an hour after went on deck himself, and tacked ship with the ease of a man who knows what he is about. The men could say not a word.

Another curious trait among sailors, especially noticeable among those so little under discipline as our fishermen, is the way they act in emergencies. The vessel, perhaps, is struck by a heavy squall, and sail must be taken off at once or the gravest consequences to all may ensue in a moment. One would suppose, therefore, that when the lives of all on board, including the crew themselves, are imperiled, and the quick orders of the captain summon all hands on deck without delay, they would need no further urging. Not

a bit of it. The first thing they do is to grumble. "D—— the weather! what the devil does he want to hurry a fellow out of his bunk for?" Then they will not stir till they have arranged their oil-suit as if it were a dress-suit for a ball; after that, some of them must fill and light their pipes! If the captain puts his head down and repeats the order, "Come out of there, and don't be all day about it!" They mutter, "D—— if I will before I'm ready!" This does not result from superior courage or recklessness so much as from a species of pigheadedness, for the same men will be as much overcome as other men by danger when they fairly realize it.

We managed in the teeth of a violent wind to beat up as far as Cape Elizabeth, where we found the water a little smoother. But we should have kept on and made a harbor in the Sheepscot River, if the wind had not moderated after sunset, so as to enable us to work down to the Isles of Shoals, which we passed at daybreak. It took us the rest of the day to beat into Gloucester under a press of canvas, with a foot of water in our lee scuppers, and carrying away the maintopmast-staysail as we came abreast of Norman's Woe.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

INNOMINATA.

A SWEET and beautiful fancy
I never shall know again,
Once, as I sat in silence,
Sang itself into my brain.

And I said: "I will make a poem,
A song for the world to sing,
For my thought is fair and lovely—
A princely offering.

"I will make a song and bring it
And lay it before *her* feet;
She cannot choose but hearken,
My song shall be so sweet.

"And my thought's delicious passion
Shall make my strain so strong,
That the world shall know her always
By just that deathless song!"

But, alas! when I came to make it—
My poem I thought so fair—
Lo! rhyme and rhythm and measure
Melted to empty air!

And down in my heart's dim corners,
And up to my lips' shut door,
Just one brief word would echo
And whisper forever more.

I cannot make a poem
Where the rhyme is still the same;
I cannot make a poem
With just your darling name!

So the world shall never know you,
Your name shall not go down
Song-borne to the distant ages,
A sweet and pure renown.

And, indeed, for you and for me, dear,
It is all the better part,
That your glory is just Love's only,
And your fame is—within my heart!

BARTON GREY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE restoration of the drama to something like the place it occupied at the Elizabethan era is considered possible by some ardent and hopeful minds. The *Saturday Review* has discussed the question and pointed out the reasons why it thinks that the theatre, however it may be improved, can never again be what it once was. "Our voices change," it says, "as we grow older, and so the voice of literature changes, and the old times cannot be brought back, charm we never so wisely." It asserts that "when one of the chief poets of the day, who had previously written nothing of the kind, appears as a playwright, hope naturally wakes," but then it is of the opinion that the conditions under which the Elizabethan drama thrived so splendidly are so wholly different from those of to-day, that it is futile to believe it can be restored, or that there is anywhere the Promethean heat which can its "light relume." The conditions which the *Review* points out are well known to all students of literature; there was great intellectual activity, with no newspapers or periodicals and very few books, and the theatres, hence, alone responded to the impulses and needs of the time. In regard to the keen mental activity of the period the *Saturday Review* eloquently says:

"Life in England has never been broader and deeper than it was then. It was morning with us, so to speak. We were waking to a fresh consciousness of ourselves and of the world around us. The old things had passed away; and behold, all things were become new.

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive;
But to be young was very heaven!'

A strange sense of power thrilled us; and the revelation of unsuspected opportunities for exertion and enterprise transformed our inmost being. The very earth widened around us; and, where but yesterday there rose forbidding barriers, there now spread far away an endless expanse of unexplored regions, mysterious, fascinating, delightful. And, as with material confinements, so it was with spiritual. In the universe of thought the mind wandered free. For good and for evil, it defied the restraints of previous dogmatisms, and stepped boldly within precincts from which it had been rigorously interdicted. Was there ever in England such another age of movement? an age so eager, so fearless, so sanguine, so exultant in its liberty, so swift to do or die? Never, perhaps, was the national imagination so quickened and so vigorous. Every day produced its poet.

'The Isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.'

Nor could it be otherwise. A land so bright-hearted could not but break forth into singing. Joy, even as sorrow, must have words given it; the joy

'that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.'

The *Review* then proceeds to show how the drama was the one literature of the day, how, as books are with us of to-day the real thing, the theatre was a real thing to the people then. They believed in it. It was every thing to them—the great centre of English art and thought, drawing to itself the highest intellects of the time, dealing with the gravest and highest questions, portraying with incomparable power the deepest and intensest passions. "It is true," remarks the *Review*, "that certain religionists stood aloof from it, but the nation, as a whole, rejoiced in it ardently." In brief, the argument is that all the circumstances and activities of the period built up the dazzling glory of the theatre, and that until we can reproduce those conditions and circumstances it is hopeless to look for any genuine reconstruction of the play as a literary power. This would seem to be convincing, but before we abandon all hope in the matter let us see what conditions now exist which may tend to bring back at least a little of the old dramatic spirit.

During recent years there has been a marked revival of mediæval tastes. Color has been restored to decoration, interior adornment, and dress; the love of pomp and ceremony appears in ritualism; architecture has broken out into the picturesque; art is fired with new passion for divine tones and tints. There is a rage for old china and old pottery, for old upholstery, for polychromatic walls, for tiles, for inlaid furniture, for all things that have a rich, passionate, and æsthetic character. The age, which in one of its phases is eminently scientific, skeptical, and inquisitive, in another phase is eminently imaginative and luxurious, delighting in every art that is stimulating, ideal, or sensuous. Whence this change has come about it is not our present purpose to inquire; but the fact that the change has come may well give us the belief that with this general revival the drama, so kindred to the new feeling in many particulars, is likely, also, to be restored. It scarcely can be doubted that Tennyson's dramatic attempt is not an idle experiment, but a natural outcome of the æsthetic forces at work, and we may believe that it will stir the latent fires in all his contemporaries.

With this revival of mediæval tastes, there exist other conditions peculiarly favorable for a new era of the drama. Literature is necessarily the result of leisure; it bespeaks contemplation, calm, and a studious or meditative mind. The age, on the contrary, is full of bustle, movement, and pressure. Æsthetic tastes are aroused and active, but æsthetic enjoyment must be snatched amid the hurrying activities of the time. Our lawyers, bankers, merchants, physicians,

scientists, artists, and many others, cannot secure the leisure for the deliberate perusal of books. The imaginative need of their natures must find some swifter means for its gratification. They can look upon pictures, and be instantly filled with dreams of beauty; their statues and bronzes have the power to gratify instantaneously their love of the ennobling and the artistic; and, if not so swiftly, yet without large tax of time, the play opens to them vistas of poetry, awakens in them sentiment and emotion, stirs their imagination, and translates them from sordid cares and wearing anxieties into the domain of poetry and fancy. A really good play, thoroughly well acted, is the most potent thing in the world for filling the wearied brain with fresh ideas and exalted emotions. The service which the stage is thus so supremely capable of rendering in these stirring and busy days to the over-worked man of business is alone sufficient to make a restoration to its pristine place a thing not only probable, but something greatly to be desired.

We thus see that the conditions for a dramatic renaissance are not so unfavorable, after all. Out of great energies and an abundant leisure came the drama of the past; out of equally great energies but an eager leisure may spring the drama of the future.

THE *Christian at Work* is quite confident that English "phonetic spelling would reduce the labor of writing and type-setting at least two-fifths," and that the spelling of a word ought to decide its pronunciation. Now, phonetic spelling cannot decide the pronunciation of a word unless accompanied with systematized vowel and other markings, and these would probably increase rather than reduce the labor of type-setting. If every compositor must not only know the correct orthography of a word, but its accepted pronunciation, and must select not only the right letter but the letter with the correct marking, his labor would become perplexing indeed. He would gain something in dropping the final *e* from words like *hate*, *rate*, etc., but must select the *a* with a long-sound marking, or he would wholly mislead the reader as to the meaning of the word employed. Nor would the labor of writing be much abridged if it were incumbent upon the writer to accurately mark all his vowels, and consonants having more than one sound, such as *g*, just as he now crosses his *f*'s, and dots his *i*'s. And when all were done, when words were shorn of their silent letters, and all practicable markings used, our orthography would still fail to indicate accurately the correct pronunciation of words, because as soon as a consonant unites with another letter it usually loses wholly or in part its own sound.

There is but a slight suggestion of the sound of *b* in *bed*, or of *f* in *few*, and none at all of *w* in *what*. Combined letters have sounds quite distinct from the separate sounds of the letters, and hence no spelling can be devised which can indicate the correct pronunciation of words. With phonetic spelling, just as now, the pronunciation would be a matter of arbitrary custom, and would have to be learned word by word.

And now let us ascertain how much time may be saved by phonetic spelling. In the article in the *Christian at Work*, from which we have quoted, there are some seventeen hundred letters, of which one hundred and forty-eight, as we estimate, are silent letters—that is, phonetic spelling, by this example, instead of reducing the labor of type-setting two-fifths, as is asserted, would reduce it only a little over one-eleventh, while the selection of marked letters, made necessary by these omissions, would balance the gain. Nothing is wilder than the assumption that by phonetic spelling a great deal of labor is to be saved those who write and those who read. People have taken a few instances in which there is a marked proportion between the uttered and the given letters, and hastily assumed that a similar proportion exists throughout the language. It should be noted that the silent letters abound largely only in certain small groups of words—as, *would*, *could*, *rough*, *enough*, etc. Let us further test the proportion of silent letters by selecting such words as occur at first hand, giving preference to the larger ones. In a whole class, such as *deliberation*, *admiration*, *detestation*, *administration*, *publication*, the final syllable may be phonetically spelled *shun*, but no space would be thereby saved. In *capacity*, *formality*, *capability*, *notability*, *infidelity*, *voluntarily*, and many kindred words, there are no silent letters. In numerous words ending in *e*, such as *correspondence*, *dependence*, *substance*, the final letter is silent. In *orthography*, *geography*, and *topography*, a letter in each can be saved by spelling the last syllable *fy* instead of *phy*. In the names of the cities *Constantinople*, *London*, *Paris*, *Vienna*, *Liverpool*, *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, *Chicago*, *San Francisco*, *Cincinnati*, there are but seven silent letters, all told. In the names of the months there are fairly but three silent letters (spelling *March Marh*, *May Ma*, and *June Jun*), unless we spell the final syllable of the four last months *br* instead of *ber*, by which four more letters would be saved. In the days of the week the final *y* in each is silent, and, in addition, one letter may be saved in *Tuesday*, and two in *Wednesday*. It is not necessary to go further. In the words we have enumerated there are over four hundred letters, and but twenty-seven silent ones, being less than seven per cent.

of the whole. Every one must see by these facts how absurd it is to talk about the vast saving of labor in writing and type-setting that may be made by the suppression of silent letters in our orthography.

We of America are prone to boast of the big shops of our cities. It is undoubtedly true that trade is housed in more stately structures in American cities than elsewhere. New York has not only the biggest dry-goods establishment in the world, but it has the second and probably the third biggest, the Bon Marché of Paris being the only shopping-mart abroad that at all equals even our second or third establishments for the sale of fabrics. We have by far the largest jewelers' and the largest clothiers' establishments; there is generally, indeed, in nearly all the trades, a much more notable concentration here than abroad. The question is, whether this is altogether desirable. There are doubtless advantages, but are there not also some disadvantages? It can scarcely be considered a slight matter that the interest and variety of our streets would be much greater with a multitude of pretty small shops than with one or two vast bazaars; for whatever adds to the attractiveness of a city is worthy of consideration. One of the most charming spots in Paris is the Palais Royal, where there are almost miles of covered galleries and arcades lined with innumerable small shops, a great proportion of which are devoted to the display of jewelry and ceramic ware. We doubt whether the entire stock of these almost endless little *bijou* places would exceed that gathered in Tiffany's one grand palace of jewels; but the long, brilliant, and crowded arcades of the Palais Royal, with their succession of exquisitely-arranged shop-windows, afford a much more animated and attractive picture. A similar contrast may be made with London. It is probable that the trade of four or five of our great New York houses will amount in the aggregate to nearly all the transactions of Regent Street; and yet how much more brilliant and fascinating is the succession of elegant shops in this street than the dreary, white waste of Stewart's or Arnold, Constable & Co.'s! It would appear that the very metropolitan vastness of our establishments detract from the metropolitan gayety of our streets. By being too big and concentrated, they lose for us the sense of bigness that comes of the long array of many shops. Stewart does enough business in his one great house, if it were divided up, to occupy all the many vacant stores now on Broadway, and, thus diffused, would rescue this once-brilliant street from the gloom that has come over it. Of course, there is no such thing now as arresting this concentration, even if it were desirable to do so; and the convenience and

economy of our system excuse a multitude of defects such as we have pointed out. Our only purpose in showing the objectionable side of the system is, that those who, like Dr. Johnson, feel so much pride in stately shops, may realize what they lose—may see how much more gay and Parisian-like our business-streets would be if we did not have these plethoric monsters in our midst.

We are more than ever impressed, after a recent trip to Saratoga, with the fact that Americans need not go abroad to find watering-places replete with every thing that the luxurious may crave, the lover of comfort seek for, and the invalid tempting health with tonic waters and cheerful sights may desire for recuperation. Any country on the globe may be safely defied to produce the match of Saratoga. The gayety of Scarborough and Torquay, of Trouville and Biarritz, of Baden and Ems and Monaco, is tame beside it. Saratoga has been much abused by literary cynics and one-sided moralists, and no doubt has its vices and imperfections, or it would be paradise. But it has fewer vices and more attractions than any watering-place beyond the Atlantic. There is certainly less dissipation of the worse sort, less affectation and assumption of caste, less rigidity of etiquette and fashionable rule, more scope for the greatest enjoyment of the greatest number. The charm of Saratoga, indeed, lies in its essential democracy, the free mingling of all classes of people who behave themselves, and the nicety to which it gratifies every taste. Luxury, surely, was never carried to a more lavish height; yet it is not the luxury of the nabob of Ems or Homburg, who holds himself apart, has his special immunities, and upon whom the tradespeople and population wait to the exclusion of lesser mankind. In another respect Saratoga is very notably superior to the European spas. America is often represented as a nation of rowdies. "Scratch a civilized and polished American," say some of our foreign critics, "and you will find a rough." But one who is a looker-on at our famous spa notices nothing more quickly than the order which prevails amid the hubbub of fashionable gayety. Every thing goes off well. The criticising Englishman will look almost in vain for the men with the loud haw-haw and tobacco-spitting propensities whom he has been taught to regard as typical of the race. Saratoga is fashionable; and it has many fashions which we are fain to heartily like. It is fashionable there to be gentlemanly and ladylike, and so powerful is the example of this fashion, that even the bores and gossips that drift thitherward are toned down into something not unlike orderly manners. Our own experience, too, is

that those who, above and below, have the office of serving the guests of the spa, are obliging and always ready to oblige. Mr. Howells's distressingly "gentlemanly clerk," if not extinct, is certainly rare at Saratoga. Why, then, should Americans seek distraction, with the long and uneasy Atlantic journey, at inferior summer resorts abroad? There is only one tolerably valid reason—that our own watering-places are so expensive, that the transatlantic trip can be taken as cheaply as a sojourn can be made at one of them. This is the most glaring defect of Saratoga; prices are out of all reason. People should not be compelled to pay double price for every thing, from a bath to an Indian gewgaw, and it is to be hoped that a reform will be made ere long in this direction.

THE French prime-minister has enjoined upon his official subordinates to be more careful and legible in their handwriting; and there are few official regions in the world where the same injunction would not be useful. Gentlemen in public life are too apt to write wretched scrawls, there being a saying afloat that great men, as a rule, are bad penmen. Silence, however, no more implies wisdom than does bad penmanship genius. The great men who have written bad hands are exceptional. Napoleon and Byron produced, it is true, strange hieroglyphics, especially when they signed their names; but Washington, Jefferson, the Adamases, and indeed all our Presidents, excepting perhaps Jackson and Harrison, wrote good and some of them very elegant hands; the same may be said of Clay, Benton, and Calhoun, among politicians, and Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bryant, Prescott, Thackeray, Bulwer, Tennyson, and Scott, among men of letters. And who are to be named above these? Junius wrote a remarkably beautiful hand; and Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," as seen in the original in the British Museum, is grateful for the eye to rest upon.

We have already printed one reply to the article which appeared in the JOURNAL of July 17th, entitled "Mismanagement by Physicians," and hence must be excused from giving space to a very long communication on the subject from another physician. We are quite justified in this refusal inasmuch as the response is merely one of argument, and does not attempt to disprove the special facts set down in Mr. Webster's article. We are quite willing to concede that some of Mr. Webster's conclusions were too sweeping; he should have discriminated better between the reckless and the conscientious members of the profession. It is no doubt true, as our correspondent declares, that there are many persons "who speak in the strongest

terms of gratitude of the kindness, patience, skill, and tenderness of some physician who had ministered to them;" but, while this is undoubtedly true, yet many of our physicians have a reputation for great recklessness in their dealings with their patients, and it is in this class that Mr. Webster arraigns so forcibly. In the special cases that he cites we have conclusive reasons for believing his allegations to be true, and if our correspondents knew the facts as we know them they would cease accusing the author of the article in question of ignorance, however much they might censure his generalizations as being too broad and sweeping.

Literary.

THE "Bric-à-Brac Series" seems destined to illustrate anew how few really good stories, or jokes, or anecdotes there are current at any one time, how incessantly these few are reappearing in new phraseology and applied to new persons, and how trivial is the small-talk with which even men of genius and genuine wit seem to entertain their intimates. One would have supposed that, with the vast literature of reminiscence, autobiography, and personal gossip to draw upon, Mr. Stoddard might go on collecting *bric-à-brac* to an indefinite extent; but his last two or three volumes prove distinctly that he is reaching the end of his materials, or that he has exhausted the patience necessary for their proper selection. The eighth volume, just published (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), contains reminiscences by John O'Keefe, a popular dramatist, who lived from 1747 to 1833; Michael Kelly, a musical composer and singer, who flourished from 1762 to 1825; and John Taylor, a journalist, whose career extended over about the same period. The reminiscences are chiefly of dramatists, actors, and actresses, and others more or less closely connected with the stage; and, after reading them with due diligence, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Stoddard that, though they contain good things, they are, on the whole, dull and tedious. A few of the best things in the volume we shall venture to quote, though we are aware that in doing so, even to a limited extent, we run the risk of leaving nothing which the reader will think it worth his while to discover for himself.

To begin with, here is an anecdote of Congreve, which we do not remember to have seen before, and which, even if not new, is good enough to bear repetition:

"Speaking of persons addressing an audience in their own character, dramatic tradition gives the following circumstance relative to Congreve: On the first night of the representation of his last play, 'The Way of the World,' the audience hissed it violently; the clamor was loud, and originated in a party, for Congreve was a statesman and a placeman. He was standing at the side of the stage, and when the uproar of hisses and opposition was at its height, he walked on (the first and last time this poet ever stood before an audience).

and addressed them thus: 'Is it your intention to damn this play?' The cry was, 'Yes, yes! off, off!' and the tumult increased in violence. He again obtained a little silence, and said, 'Then, I tell you, this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned,' and walked slowly off."

Mr. Kelly was on terms of intimate companionship with Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic priest, whom he describes as "a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation," "mighty fond of whiskey-punch," and exceedingly partial to corned shoulder-of-mutton. He tells two anecdotes of his reverence, the first of which runs as follows:

"One day the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honor to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran was no bad match.

"One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, 'Reverend father, I wish you were Saint Peter.'

"And why, counselor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, reverend father, in that case," said Curran, 'you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in.'

"By my honor and conscience, counselor," replied the divine, 'it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out.'"

The second anecdote describes a whimsical triumph which the father once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson:

"O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language, to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the doctor said to him, 'Why do you not answer me, sir?'

"Faith, sir," said O'Leary, 'I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me.'

"Upon this, the doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, 'Why, sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither; sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language.'

"O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the doctor with a long speech in Irish, to which the doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the doctor, 'This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me; sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom.' The reverend padre then made the doctor a low bow, and quitted the room."

Perhaps the most entertaining portion of Mr. Kelly's diary is his reminiscences of Sheridan, with whom he was for many years in the closest business and personal relations. Most of these anecdotes are too long for quotation, but here is one which illustrates curiously Sheridan's characteristic neglect of his own interests:

"No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was from his first outset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, 'Let me but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish.'

"This sensitiveness of his as regarded newspapers renders the following anecdote rather curious: After he had fought his famous duel, at Bath, with Colonel Matthews, on Mrs. Sheridan's (Miss Linley's) account, an article of the most venomous kind was sent from Bath to Mr. William Woodfall, the editor of the *Public Advertiser*, in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it he said to Woodfall: 'My good friend, the writer of this article has done his best to vilify me in all ways, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer, which you will insert in your paper. In a day or two after, I will send you another article, as coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating me, and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the previous one.'

"Woodfall promised that he would attend to his wishes; and Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon.

"Day after day passed; the calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself got circulation, and were in everybody's mouth; and day after day did Mr. Woodfall wait for the refutation which was to set all to rights, and expose the fallacy of the accusations; but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to write one line in his own vindication; and the libels which he invented against himself remain to this hour wholly uncontradicted."

The volume contains portraits of Mr. Garrick as *Sir John Brute*, of Mr. Foote as *Fondlewife*, of Mr. Moody as *Teague*, and of Mrs. Abington—all taken from Bell's "British Theatre."

MR. GEORGE SMITH'S "History of Assyria,"* the second volume of the series of "Ancient History from the Monuments," is, we think, hardly equal to Dr. Birch's "History of Egypt," with which the series opened. It is a clear, concise, and painstaking chronicle of the events in Assyrian history in so far as they are revealed by the monuments; its chronological tables and lists of kings are unusually complete; and the conclusions which the author reaches commend themselves to the judgment of the careful reader. But it partakes of the usual dullness of mere chronicles, and the style is sadly lacking in animation. The reign of Assur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus) is the only period whose details are recorded in a picturesque or impressive way; and several points on which the reader is most desirous of information are almost overlooked in the introductory chapter. The architecture of the Assyrians, for instance (their most important art), is not re-

* Assyria from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Nineveh. By George Smith. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ferred to at all, further than to record that a certain monarch built or restored a palace or temple at Assur, Nineveh, or Calah, as the case may be. Their sculpture, too, is only noticed to the extent of reproducing, without comment, a few of the tablets, etc., from the British Museum; and, though the principal gods are enumerated, no outline is given of the religious system or worship of the nation. A map, moreover, containing the ancient names of places and peoples, is absolutely necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the text; and the absence of this, together with the other deficiencies which we have enumerated, produces a not unnatural sense of impatience and disappointment in the reader's mind.

This "History of Assyria," in short, is a work on which neither author nor publisher has bestowed any too much care, especially in the perfecting of minor details. Perhaps its most interesting feature is the parallel which it establishes by cross-references, etc., between the Assyrian records and the historical books of the Old Testament; but Mr. Smith will hardly supersede Rawlinson even for popular reading.

WHEN we encountered, at the very beginning of Mrs. Oliphant's "Whiteladies" (New York: Henry Holt & Co.), the complications about the heirship of the Whiteladies estate (for Whiteladies is an old manor-house, not a deserted convent, as might be supposed from the name), we resigned ourselves with the patience of a veteran novel-reader, yet not without despondency, to a long crusade against British laws of inheritance. The prospect was depressing, beyond a doubt, but we are bound to confess that in our haste we did injustice to a story which is admirable in many respects, and in none more than in the singleness of purpose with which the author devotes herself to the entertainment of her readers. The heirship of Whiteladies remains the central point around which the plot of the story revolves, but the law of entail, the law restricting the inheritance of landed property to heirs male, etc., are accepted simply as among the conditions to which the exigencies of the story must be conformed, and are neither approved, nor condemned, nor argued against, nor satirized. The plot of "Whiteladies" is painful, partly, perhaps, because so many people engaged in it are absolutely longing for each other's death, but chiefly because it involves the commission of crime on the part of one whose age, character, and position, ought to have made it impossible to her. It is consistent and well-constructed, however; the action is rapid and dramatic, and the *dramatis personæ* are numerous and natural. Mrs. Oliphant has created few heroines more truly feminine or more femininely fascinating than Reine, and no minor characters more lifelike than Everard, Herbert, Farrel-Austin, and Madame de Mirfleur. Augustine, the Gray Sister, is evidently drawn with care, but she fails to impress us as being any thing more than a respectable lay-figure; and it is hard to believe that girls of twenty could have become such entirely heartless and cynical match-makers as Kate and Sophy Farrel-Austin.

Giovanna is a new type of character, and the skill with which she is drawn would alone suffice to make the story worthy of attention.

Perhaps the most plausible ground of complaint against it would be its length. Considering at once the shortness of life and the pitiless persecution of the printing-press, it would seem that five hundred pages are more than any novelist ought to inflict upon us in a single story. In Mrs. Oliphant's case, however, this is almost excusable, for her talent is of a kind which requires an ample canvas for its expression, and no one can say that in "Whiteladies," at least, the canvas is not filled adequately.

THE London *Spectator* closes a long review of "General Sherman's Memoirs" as follows: "Nothing but a perusal of this excellent book will bring home to the reader the thoroughly original character of the man of genius by whom it was written. We see him develop month by month into the masterful soldier he became, and we are forced to conclude that, whatever may be the merits of others, his give him a place in the front rank as a really great captain; while, as a man, he is certainly second to none. Military students may read with profit the closing chapter, entitled 'Lessons of the War'—a war actually full of instruction to all who investigate its details with candor, and one illustrated by as many examples of high soldiery on both sides as campaigns which have attracted more attention, and have been described with more applause, because they were European." . . . A new work by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "The Makers of Florence," is announced. The object of the book is to present to the many lovers of Florence a vivid picture of her past life and of the men who made her greatness. This is not attempted with the profound research of serious history, but rather with the lighter hand of a biographer affectionately interested in the many noble figures which crowd the scene. The author has striven to link the memories of former times with the pleasant personal recollections of Florence of the present day that so many visitors entertain. . . . "La Terre et les Hommes," by M. Reclus, is appearing in Paris in weekly parts. This work is described as not a technical geography in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a profound study, made from a physical and geological point of view, of every portion of the world in its relation to the races by which it has been peopled and the history of those races, forming a complete geographical, geological, and ethnographical cyclopædia. . . . Darwin is to follow his "Insectivorous Plants" with another record of his researches into the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom, "On the Habits and Movements of Climbing Plants." . . . The literature of reminiscence is to have some notable additions, among which are "Life Records," by Louis Kossuth; memoirs by Miss Martineau; his own story of the regeneration of Italy, by Garibaldi; autobiographical recollections by Earl Russell; and, lastly, "The Life of a Pope," by Pius IX. . . . The proposal to erect a monument to Lord Byron has attracted some notice in Spain, and an enthusiastic admirer contributes to the *Revista de España* an "oda" on the subject. Beyond showing the influence which Byron still exerts on the Continent, the poem is not important. . . . The *Athenæum* says of Mr. Saxe's verses that "they scarcely rise to the dignity of poetry." . . . The scene of George Eliot's forthcoming novel, it is said, is laid in one of the English midland counties.

The Arts.

A YOUNG architect, named Richardson, has lately attracted much attention in Boston by intelligent and imaginative work of a really high character, exhibiting novel and striking features. One of his latest works is a church for Dr. Lothrop, a Unitarian clergyman. It is built of the mottled conglomerate found in the neighborhood of Boston, which we have praised before for its excellent color and surface. In many respects this church is satisfactory; the distinctive feature of it, however, and one that dwarfs its minor excellence, is its beautiful and original tower, which rises large and square fully one hundred and fifty feet high. For two-thirds of its height it is plain and without ornament, but, having reached that elevation, on its four sides and rising at least twenty feet are carved bass-reliefs of scenes from Scripture, while at the four corners of the tower four figures of angels blowing through gold trumpets still further enrich and ennoble this unique structure. Instead of breaking the mass of the church with petty details that amount to nothing, the architect has made this tower its distinctive feature, and so prominent and so positive is it that for miles around the rough surface of the highly-relieved carving, and the glistening shine of the trumpets, add beauty and interest to the building, even when the beholder is too far away to discern the minute particulars which make up the bass-reliefs. Near at hand, looking up into the air at them, the spectator sees natural representations of men and women, dramatic in position and easy in their attitudes; in short, very good art very well rendered with the time and thought and labor that would have been bestowed on similar work designed for the interior decoration of a hall or a drawing-room. It has been commonly asserted that Americans have not the taste nor the interest to care for art so little showy and so costly as this is; but the injustice of such an imputation is proved by the fact that although this tower has cost vastly more than the committee or the architect intended there is a general satisfaction with the result.

Near to this church is another which is building for the Old South Church Society, and is decorated by a mass of carving, which, although not so interesting nor impressive as the bass-reliefs just mentioned, is yet so abundant and so good as to form a distinctive feature of the edifice. The church is a very large one, and, running its entire length, across much of its front, and making capitals to the pillars of its small porches and recesses, a long vine, forming a cornice to the first story of the building, of different species of plants, is carved in close imitation of Nature. The material of which this ornament is made is gray sandstone, too coarse to admit of a very high degree of finish, but, in giving it variety and detail, the stone-cutters have expended all their ingenuity. In one place a bird is pecking at a bunch of grapes, and, hidden behind the grape-leaves, a wily cat is creeping stealthily toward its winged neighbor. Farther on a squirrel runs along

a branch, and in another place a couple of birds are feeding one another. Sometimes a leaf is broken or torn, and tendrils and the rough bark of the stem appear carefully carved, and in exact imitation of the natural forms. The little scenes among the clematis and grape leaves, of bird and animal and insect life, although comparatively coarsely done, recall to the mind the beautiful and multifarious capitals of the columns of the Doge's Palace, with their wealth of natural foliage and animal life, and lead us to hope that, if we have begun to make such vines as this, we may end with details as delicate as the Venetian.

Another class of carved decoration upon the new Boston Museum of Fine Arts consists of one large bass-relief representing "The Arts." The picture comprises many large figures, and is set in the high wall, unbroken by windows, of the second story of the building. This decoration is at least fifteen feet high, and twenty or twenty-five broad, and resembles, in general effect, the large frescoes that ornament the outside walls of the Pinakothek and Glyptothek at Munich. A space has been left vacant beside this bass-relief of "The Arts," on the same side of the Museum, in which another carved picture may be placed at some future time, and these form the first specimens we remember in this country of such a class of ornament. On the same side of the building numerous brown terra-cotta portrait-heads of famous personages are built into the wall, of which they form a conspicuous ornament. These heads are made in England, and are of the hardness and durability of stone, which they exactly resemble, and the minute delicacy of the details of the forms, of the features, of the head-covering, and the dress about the neck, places them in the class of decoration of the best kind.

In the neighboring city of Cambridge, the Memorial Hall of Harvard University is rapidly approaching completion. The rear portion, east of the great tower, contains the theatre, or hall for commencement exercises, which, when finished, will make the structure what it was designed to be by the architect. Over each of the seven windows of this temple of oratory is placed the sculptured head of a master of public speaking. The seven orators selected are Demosthenes, Cicero, St. Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, Burke, and Daniel Webster.

MR. SEYMOUR J. GUY has recently begun a large picture, entitled "Evening Prayer," in which the figures are life-size. A fair but sad-faced woman is seated on a huge boulder, upon an eminence overlooking a great city, with her back to the brilliant twilight sky. A sleeping child lies across her lap, with its prettily-rounded face turned to the front, and its brown hair falling in disorder over her knee. A little boy stands beside the mother, with his head resting affectionately on her shoulder, and his eyes turned toward the face of the sleeping child. The subject is drawn upon an upright canvas, and is charmingly composed. It reminds one of Bouguereau's motives, but is more expressive in sentiment than any work of his that we have recently seen. The face of the mother is upraised, and her lips are slightly parted, as if

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breathing a silent prayer. Her hands, too, are clasped, as if devotionally, and rest lightly upon the breast of the little child in her lap. The figure of the mother, as far as finished, shows the most refined and delicate handling, but to us the charm of the work rests in the figure of the sleeping child. It is not naked, like those of the Italian mother which Bouguereau so persistently paints, but is clad in a garment of light texture which covers, but does not conceal, its beautifully-rounded form. The pose of the child shows that relaxation of muscle peculiar to deep sleep, and the *abandon* which accompanies it. The little arm, bare to the shoulder, falls listless from the mother's lap, and the legs, and soiled but yet pretty feet, hang over her knee. There is no division of interest in the group, but it is bound together in unity and expression. The subject is painted under the broadly-diffused light of a cloudless twilight sky, which, although the faces are turned away from the brilliantly-toned horizon, admits of the introduction of those tender gradations of color and delicate modeling of the subtilities of form and feature which are so expressive when portrayed in the broader light of mid-day.

The sky, which is so brilliant at the horizon with reflected light, shows at the zenith the cool gray and shadowy tones of approaching night, and this is repeated in the surrounding landscape, but not so strongly as to hide or veil, as it were, the minor objects of detail. As far as advanced, the work gives expression to a feeling of quiet, not only in the foreground-group, but also in the suggestion of the great city, the spires and domes of which are marked against the bright-toned evening sky; and its coloring is as harmonious in its rich and mellow tints as its story is in refinement and elevated sentiment.

The French sculptor of animals, Antoine Louis Barye, recently deceased, was held in very high estimation by the best critics. Gautier, speaking of him, says: "M. Barye does not treat animals from a purely zoological point of view—when he makes a tiger, a bear, or an elephant, he does not content himself with being exact in the highest degree. He knows that a mere reproduction of Nature does not constitute art. He elevates, he simplifies, he idealizes the animals, and gives to them a special character. He has a certain lofty, powerful, and unartificial manner, which makes him the Michael Angelo of the menagerie." Another art-critic of high-standing, M. Thore, said of Barye, as early as 1844, "He is a man of the century of Benvenuto Cellini." These are high praises, yet although some allowance for French warmth of expression may, perhaps, be necessary, there can be no doubt that they are, in the main, deserved. Barye was instructed in modeling by the sculptor Bosio, and in designing by the painter Gros. His art-career began about 1819, in which year he received a silver medal for his contributions to a competitive exhibition of plastic works. In 1829 he received the second prize in another exhibition, and a few years afterward his celebrated group of a lion fighting with a serpent won for him the honor of being "decorated." This truly admirable work, which was first displayed in 1833, was soon afterward placed in the Tuileries, where it has been seen and appreciated by connoisseurs in art from many

lands. In 1855 he was appointed an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was chosen, also, by M. Lefuel, the principal architect of the new Louvre, to execute four allegorical groups of men and animals, representing, respectively, "Order," "Force," "Peace," and "War." These groups now form prominent decorations of the pavilions of Daru, Denon, Colbert, and Turgot—the representatives of the principles named. The works of Barye are numerous, and, though most of them are well known to the art-world, and some are familiar to almost every visitor to Paris of late years, yet a more thorough classification than they have heretofore received would be necessary to give a true idea of their number and special characteristics. Their subjects, however, are generally animals, sometimes combined in groups with men or allegorical figures, but more commonly without such additions.

"We are sorry to learn," says the *Athenæum*, "that there is great probability of a new front being put to the north transept of Westminster Abbey—a front which, although only a century and a half old, has some claims to veneration, and, although poor enough in detail, reproduces, and with great dignity and beauty, the masses of the more ancient façade. Looking at Sir G. Scott's rather jejune design for the execution of this long-cherished scheme of his—a design which was in the late Royal Academy Exhibition—we are convinced that those who forward this plan of reparation will assuredly regret it, should any such work be executed. As is common with this architect's compositions, that in question is of the pattern-book kind—a very safe compilation, but otherwise void of spirit and power, timidly composed, and mechanically conceived. If a new façade must needs be put to this transept, let it be, at all events, a good, vigorous, and expressive one, rendering the best of nineteenth-century Gothic with success, not a poor compilation."

THE ART JOURNAL for September will contain as American additions a richly-illustrated article on ceramic art; an engraving on wood, by W. J. Linton, of Vibert's last Salon-picture, "The Painter's Repose;" and two specimens of American artists, one being Mr. Guy's "The Orange-Girl," and the other Mr. Willmarth's "Ingratitude," both of which attracted marked attention at the last Academy exhibition. The steel-plates of the number are Webster's "Contrary Winds," from the Sheepshanks collection, Turner's "Wycliffe, near Rokeby," and Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia." The Landseer studies are continued, and there are a well-illustrated article on metal and wood work among the Hindoos, a curious illustrated article on ancient shoes in the Museum of Costumes, Paris, and the conclusion of Mr. S. C. Hall's article on Westwood Park.

Music and the Drama.

WHILE there seems to be a powerful reaction of public taste in favor of the better drama—a feeling unmistakable for several years past—the musical current sets in a different direction. By this we do not wish to ignore the palpable increase of sympathy on the part of the better and more cultured classes with classical orchestral music. This section of society will always remain limited. We point rather to the large and growing *clientèle* secured by *opéra-bouffe*. Half a dozen years since a single

company was the limit which the status of the amusement market seemed to allow. Last year there were two French companies in the field, besides the Soldene English troupe and several American organizations, all of which were successful speculations for the managers, though at least two of them were wretched enough in any artistic sense.

It is not hastily to be concluded that this *penchant* of the public is rooted in any essential preference for *bouffe* music as compared with the better forms of opera. Perhaps the simplest and truest solution is, that amusement-seekers are afforded the opportunity of hearing gay and lively music, united with good acting, at a reasonable price—an element in the theatre-problem of no little importance. Be that as it may, the result still remains, that a good *opéra-bouffe* company, whether French or English, can hardly fail to meet with a large patronage. The English form of this entertainment, and the school of singers which it engenders, are hardly as satisfactory as those "native to the manner born" across the Channel. The French idioms and nasal sounds are so admirably fitted to those subtle *nuances* of thought and expression, alike in the acting and singing thereof, which we associate with this style of opera, that we do not look for the artistic excellence of the original in the vernacular adaptation. It is therefore unjust to institute any comparison between French and English *opéra-bouffe*, except for general purposes of discussion.

The English Comic-Opera Company now playing at Wallack's Theatre, of which Miss Julia Matthews is the chief star, opened their season in "Boulotte," an adaptation from the Offenbachian opera of "Barbe Bleue." The bright and sparkling airs in this work, and the many grotesque situations of the story, served as a very effective medium for the display of what must be called an excellent company of its kind—far superior, indeed, in real artistic excellence to the Soldene company which represented English *opéra-bouffe* last year. Miss Matthews is a singer of considerable personal comeliness, a sweet and flexible though rather light voice, and an actress of much quaint humor and spirit. She lacks, indeed, the subtle art and finish which combined with the *chic* of Tostée, Aujac, and Aimée, to make them so attractive even to those who may have been as unwitting of French as of Sanscrit. But, in lieu of it, we get a genuinely bright, joyous humor, which is more healthy and cheerful, even if less seductive, than the delicious *diablerie* of the French exponents of Offenbachian opera. The lady has shown herself a highly-competent artist in her line, and was quite a pleasant surprise to many who were not disposed to expect much from their past experiences of this class of British importations. The principal tenor of the troupe, Mr. Albert Brennir, proved himself a very capable singer and actor, and the other principals of the organization left a very agreeable impression. The company is admirably balanced, and, though there is no voice in it of very marked excellence, the superior style in which it did its work was such as to leave no doubt of its ability to command a permanent

popularity. The chorus is a light one, and hardly powerful enough to do full justice to some of the music. The conductor does his work admirably, and to his skill and vigilance probably the charm of the performance is largely due.

So much for the company in its details. We could wish that the opera of "Barbe Bleue" had been given us in its entirety, instead of a condensation. The liberty taken with the original is by no means an improvement, though it must be acknowledged that some of the offensive portions of the French libretto have been either very much softened or altogether omitted. Still, if we remember the original rightly, something of the brightness and symmetry of it, which need not have been eliminated with its indecency, is gone. A word on the subject of adaptations for the stage will be in point. It is the tendency of translators and adapters to take the action of a play as much as possible out of its habitat and change its coloring. This is oftentimes pardonable, sometimes necessary. In *opéra-bouffe*, which is so essentially Gallic in its spirit and feeling, such attempts are rarely other than injurious, and only such alterations as simple decency and the healthy sentiment of Anglo-Saxon audiences demand, should be made.

Miss Matthews has given the public reason to anticipate better work even than that done in the opening opera. "Boulotte" does not afford the same opportunity to test her mettle as the "Grande-Duchesse" and several other operas. The repertory of the troupe, we are told, will include the most successful works of Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq, the last of whom especially will be cordially welcomed in an English dress.

THE apprehensions of many, that the attendance at the summer concerts of the Thomas orchestra would be dangerously affected by the Gilmore concerts, have been so completely refuted as to make it sure that nothing can shake the hold of the finest of our musical organizations on the New York public. There was not, indeed, at any time, cause to make the judicious fear. These two bands appeal to different spheres of public patronage, and there should never have been a question as to the ability of the largest of American cities to support them both.

The concerts of the Central-Park Garden have never been more amply encouraged, and the dropping away of the few has been more than compensated by the steady attendance of the true lovers of fine music. It is quite significant to see so many of the same faces night after night in the audience, and arouses a suggestion of intimate sympathy and sentiment, which the orchestra cannot but feel as well as the *habitués*.

The accomplished conductor has more than justified the public confidence, not merely by the superb playing of his musicians, but by the character of the programmes he has offered. It has been the object of Mr. Thomas not merely to give the public repeated interpretations of the old established masters, but the best of the new contemporary music, almost simultaneously with its production abroad. New York audiences have

been permitted to have the works of the rising composers abroad in many cases before even London and Paris. This promptness and enterprise of Mr. Thomas constitute not the least of his many claims to public gratitude. It is not necessary to catalogue the new pieces brought out during the summer, or the less common works of the old masters, in some cases offered for the first time to many of the audiences. That foreign composers have been willing and eager to give Mr. Thomas the right of interpretation in America prior to their introduction to English and French audiences, is not the least eloquent testimony of the estimation in which he is held.

Among the novel features of the concerts this summer has been the setting apart of certain evenings at stated periods, for the illustration of the music of different composers. Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert, and Mozart, have been thus served up for the admirers of classical music in a series of carefully-arranged concerts. The results have been delightfully satisfactory. The Schubert and Mozart nights were specially gala occasions, as compositions of these great masters of tone, but little known, were offered to the public, as well as their acknowledged masterpieces. The Mozart programme was notably delicious, as it gave us, besides the great Jupiter symphony and his two finest overtures, the "Masonic Funeral Music," composed at the behest of the Esterhazy family, who were the composer's patrons. This magnificent work produced a great impression by its majestic and noble strains, and we trust in the future will be often put on the programmes of the miscellaneous concerts. We trust that ere the end of the season, now drawing to a close, Mr. Thomas will give his patrons Händel, Mendelssohn, and Schumann nights. The opportunity of studying the compositions of our great musical thinkers, with all their different styles and modes placed in close juxtaposition, cannot fail to yield to the thoughtful lover of the art very valuable results, hardly to be attained by the average miscellaneous programme, though the latter conduces more to general amusement. A careful review of the summer season justifies us in finding the verdict that the Thomas orchestra has never done such fine work before, and promises a series of winter entertainments such as will raise the reputation of the band and its conductor to a higher place than ever.

THE dramatic season about to commence in New York promises to be of unusual interest and excellence, alike in character and variety. Mr. Daly will depart from his previous system for a portion of the season, and give us two great "star" attractions, Mr. Edwin Booth and Miss Clara Morris, the former appearing in New York for the first time at his theatre. We are by no means such ardent admirers of Mr. Booth as many, nor are we disposed to rank him as an actor of great genius. It is not to be questioned, however, that this tragedian, take him all in all, stands in the forefront of American artists. However he may lack the vital spark, his work is characterized by a large measure

of finish, picturesqueness, and thorough knowledge of stage traditions, which make him effective in all his personations, and in a few of them an actor of great impressiveness. It is understood that during his six weeks' engagement, to commence early in October, Mr. Booth will play nearly all the characters in his extensive *répertoire*, in which he will be supported by the best people of Mr. Daly's very excellent company. We anticipate from these performances a beauty of stage-setting and an effectiveness of cast beyond what we have been accustomed to for a number of years, even in the palmy days of Booth's Theatre itself. It need not be said that tragedy is generally done, not merely in New York, but throughout the country, with a poverty of cast and surroundings which makes a merely clever actor sometimes appear great by contrast. If Mr. Daly does what the public have been led to expect from him, the reform in this direction will entitle him to the gratitude of the public.

A rival tragedian, Mr. Barry Sullivan, will have made his appearance at Booth's Theatre before this reaches the public. It is so long since this gentleman has acted before American audiences, that he will be new to many of the present generation of theatre-goers. His merits have been so contradictorily discussed in the English journals, that it is alike difficult and dangerous to hazard an opinion as to the probable measure of his desert and success. Clever English actors, even some who are commonplace, have been so generously received by Americans, that an artist of any ability may be sure of at least fair treatment. The probabilities are that Mr. Sullivan will get rather more than less of what he really deserves in any artistic sense.

Not the least interesting feature of the dramatic outlook, in the direction of tragedy, will be the appearance of Signor Ernesto Rossi, who is regarded by the Italians as the rival of Salvini in the representation of such parts as *Hamlet*, in which he has made as great an Italian reputation as the other is *Othello*. These three names will be the principal exponents of tragedy during the coming season, and the lovers of the better drama will have ample opportunity for gratifying their tastes.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

August 10, 1875.

THE Plon lawsuit against the estate of Napoleon III., relative to the publication of the "Life of Cæsar," has brought that more celebrated than successful work on the *tapin* once more. M. Plon's lawyer might have cited in his argument a curious incident, which is given in the posthumous volume of the "Mémoires de Sainte-Beuve." Although the "Life of Cæsar" is not much worse than many of the books that are written by the members of the Academy, the celebrated critic would not permit it to be mentioned in the *Constitutionnel*, calling it an "august error." He did still more. For his own amusement, and for that of a few intimate friends, among whom was numbered Prince Napoleon, he prepared a ferocious criticism upon the imperial production,

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from which criticism we extract the following transparently-malicious paragraphs. He commences by proving that there are two kinds of Cæsars. After describing the type of the true Cæsar, whom he depicts as being endowed with all great and fascinating qualities, he thus continues: "The other Cæsars, those of the second order and of the second class, are, on the contrary, toilsome, laborious, and, so to speak, manufactured; they have tried to become Cæsars, and by dint of repeating that incessantly to themselves, they have succeeded. By dint of rehearsing their part and by throwing themselves into it, they have learned it. Born in the purple or beside the purple, they have been inspired with a childlike credulity in the reflections of their cradle; they have grown up in a dynastic religion, and their great merit is never to have departed from it. They have never been men for a single instant without believing themselves Cæsars. Even in misfortune and exile they have never faltered nor despaired. That unique ambition, which was proposed and inculcated to them from their youth, and which they have never abdicated at any moment, that education which they have given themselves, so exclusive, so incomplete, but so perpetually tending toward a single point, has succeeded with them; they have raised their souls and their thoughts to the height of the aim, improbable to all and certain for themselves only, which they ever contemplate, and to which they unceasingly strive to attain.

"By dint of belief, they have acquired the power to act; ask not of them to cease to be mystical; their political virtue, their strength, is forever inseparable from their mysticism. Thus, without one drop of hereditary blood in their veins, without a single primitive trait of the genius that founded the race, they have been known to become by dint of application, of meditation, and of cultivation, the worthy and legitimate heirs of their line."

This passage has been widely and maliciously quoted within the last few days. One can imagine the bland smile wherewith the Red Prince must have listened to these adroitly veiled and telling lines.

The Parisians have got tired of complaining about the rainy weather, and now they are making jokes about it. One gentleman meets another on the boulevards during a northeast storm: "What an unpleasant winter we are having!" cries the first, pulling up the collar of his overcoat. "Do you think so?" says the second, with a shiver. "I should merely call it a very severe summer." The following style of traveling-dress is recommended for lady tourists in Switzerland: a pointed tin hat trimmed with a lightning-rod; a long, loose, water-proof sacque, and India-rubber boots. This costume has one advantage—it can be worn by either sex indiscriminately.

The artists' studios are deserted, the busy workers having fled to study in more congenial climes. The indefatigable Meissonier only is still toiling away at the great battle-picture purchased some eighteen months ago by Sir Richard Wallace, and representing, if I remember rightly, Napoleon reviewing his troops before the battle of Wagram. There is a group of horses that cannot be set right, according to the great artist's ideas. He paints them in most admirable fashion, according to all who see them, but his keen and fastidious taste refuses to be satisfied, so he rubs them out and paints them in, and rubs them out again, and tears his hair, and gets into a frenzy generally. The severest of Meissonier's critics is always Meissonier himself. The vast studio of Gustave Doré is, as usual, crowded with

gigantic canvases, prominent among which is his huge contribution to the Salon of this year, the serpent-swarming "Hell of Liars." It will probably be sent to London to take its place in the Doré Gallery there. He is just sketching another mighty picture, of equally prodigious size, but the subject was not definitely defined when I saw it, nor was the artist at hand to reveal to me its purport. A wilderness of columns and arches in the background, and a crowd of persons in antique Roman garb in the foreground, were vaguely outlined on the canvas. It looked like a Scriptural scene—probably some scene in the life of Christ. Doré has a great fondness for Scotch scenery, and a finished landscape which hung against the wall, a stretch of breezy hill-side flecked with patches of purple heather, and a small lake sparkling in the distance, under a sky half-gray shadow and half-gleaming sunshine, had the very breath of the Highlands in it. A small-sized picture next caught my eye, a scene of such simple, domestic pathos that it was a marvel that it should have owed its being to the weird pencil of Doré. It represented a small, lamp-lighted room, wherein, beside its parents' bed, a chubby baby lay, sound asleep in its curtained *berceuse*. Beside the crib stood the father, a French soldier fully equipped for departure, looking down with sad and earnest eyes upon the slumbering babe. Nothing more—only the mute farewell, sadder than tears, more impressive than words, of one who goes, possibly never to return—of a father looking what he deems may be his last upon his unconquered child.

There has been but little doing in the literary line during the past week. Hetzel has brought out a new novel by Gustave Droz, entitled "Les Etangs," the plot of which is original and interesting. A cheap illustrated edition of the works of Frédéric Soulié is shortly to be issued in numbers, at the price of ten cents per number. The series is to commence with "Le Lion Amoureux." A list of the novels that a young French girl of eighteen might be permitted to read was recently published in one of the leading newspapers. All Walter Scott's novels, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Robinson Crusoe," in English; and in French, "Télémaque"!!! George Sand's "Petite Fadette" and "Le More au Diable," Lamartine's "Geneviève," and one or two of Jules Sandeau's minor works, filled out the list. Poor little French girls! if you are brought up as strictly as people pretend that you are, what a dismal time you must have of it, to be sure! At a *soirée* at the house of Victor Hugo lately, M. Vaequerie, his intimate friend and the editor of the *Rapport*, read certain portions of a forthcoming work on Faust. Contrary to Goethe, M. Vaequerie does not take the legendary view of Faust as a magician or a student in league with the Evil One; his Faust is the inventor of printing, the enlightener of the world. The work will be looked for with some curiosity. Victor Hugo also read sundry passages from a series of poems upon which he is now engaged, and which is to be called "The Art of being a Grandfather." Some one has described Victor Hugo as "the poet of giants and of children." One of these new poems is entitled the "Siesta of Jeanne," its heroine being, of course, the little granddaughter so tenderly beloved by the poet. It is generally supposed that after Victor Hugo's death an enormous mass of literary productions of all kinds, poems, dramas, novels, etc., will be found all ready for publication, as he is an indefatigable writer, and the works which he has of late given to the world do not at all

represent the amount that he has written. "I am laying up a fortune for my grandchildren," he is reported to have said when once reproached for withholding his writings from the world. I cannot say that I am anxious for the great poet to die, but I *would* like to see those hidden treasures brought forth into the light of day.

The "Procès Veauradieux" is to be succeeded on the stage of the Vaudeville this evening by the new drama in four acts, and in verse, entitled "Jean-Nu-Pieds," which has been promised for so long. The history of the "Procès Veauradieux" is a singular one, and strikingly illustrates the vicissitudes in the affairs of those whose business it is to cater for the amusement of the public. It was accepted over a year ago, but the directors had not the slightest confidence in its powers of attraction. Piece after piece, failure after failure, succeeded each other on the stage of the Vaudeville with disastrous rapidity. The comedies of Barrière and D'Ennery had no better fate than the productions of the veriest novices. Revivals and novelties were both tried, and with the same ill-luck. At last came the 1st of June, the close of the Parisian theatrical season. The directors retired, and the artists of the company joined together in an association to perform during the summer. They needed a new piece, and their choice fell on M. Delpit's drama of "Jean-Nu-Pieds." But they could not get it ready for the 1st of June. Some one of their number then suggested, "Let us bring out the 'Procès Veauradieux'; it will be a dead failure, and then we can go on with the new drama." The suggestion was adopted, and the new comedy was produced, without fuss or flourish of any kind. To the utter stupefaction of the management, it proved an immense success. It has achieved its fifty nights, having drawn crowded houses during the most unpropitious season for Parisian theatrical enterprise. Nor would it be withdrawn now did not its author, M. Hennequin, gracefully yield his place to M. Delpit, whose drama has been ready and waiting for six weeks past. The "Procès Veauradieux" will be revived later in the season. Meanwhile, its lucky author has received orders for three new plays, one for the Palais Royal, one for the Variétés, and another for the Vaudeville. He is quite a young man, being only a few years on the shady side of thirty.

The Gymnase has brought out two new plays, a one-act trifle called "Je déjeune à Midi," and a three-act comedy entitled "Le Million de M. Pomard." The first, though crude, and showing the traces of an unpractised hand, is not wanting in vivacity and originality. Its title ought really to have been "A Magistrate's Morning." It is divided into two scenes, one comic and the other tragic. Before a *juge de la paix* there comes an unhappy husband, who has reason to suspect the fidelity of his wife, and who has found out her evil doings in a very comical manner. One day, while looking at a photograph of one of the quays through one of those great magnifying-glasses which abound in the windows of Parisian print-shops, he perceived in one corner of the picture a carriage, into which a lady and a young gentleman were just about to mount. He recognized his wife in the lady, so he bought the picture, took it home, enlarged it by the usual process, and is certain that it is his wife. Next comes the wife herself to complain of her husband. The judge manages to bring about a reconciliation, and dismisses the pair to conjugal happiness. Then enters a young man who comes to make

a charge against a poacher, but who, as the judge happens to know, has killed his aunt, whose sole heir he was—not by poison or knife, be it understood, but by a plan evidently borrowed from "La Joie fait Peur" of Madame Girardin. He merely gave her to understand that her son, who is absent in China, has suddenly returned, and then he comes into her presence and cries, without a word of warning, "Your son is dead!" which happened to be actually the case. The unhappy mother died from the effects of the shock, and her adroit assassin inherited his estate. The judge taxes the young man with his crime; he becomes infuriated, and, seizing a pistol that is lying on the desk, he fires at his accuser, and misses him, whereupon the judge orders him into custody for an attempt at murder. "Twenty years of the galleys!" exclaims the judge, exultingly; "and now for my breakfast—*je déjeune à midi*." As will be seen by the above outline of the plot, this little piece possesses a good deal of force and originality. The dialogue also is terse and telling. The "Million de M. Pomard" resembles too much the "Bons Villageois" of Sardou. Like that brilliant comedy, it treats of the miseries of a wealthy proprietor from Paris, who seeks to establish himself in a rural district. It was very well acted, and is quite amusing, notwithstanding the lack of novelty in the leading ideas.

The other theatres are gradually awakening from their summer lethargy. A new piece called "The Man with the White Rabbit" has been brought out at the Palais Royal. It is simply a broad farce, without any pretensions to literary merit. Such a play must be very funny to be successful, and "The Man with the White Rabbit" is not very funny. The Comédie Française has at last announced a semi-novelty, in the shape of a revival of "Baron Lafleur," a comedy in three acts, and in verse, by Camille Doucet. Coquelin is to play the leading rôle in this revival, which is to take place the latter part of this week. Membree, the composer of those very heavy operas, "L'Esclave" and "Les Parias," has finished two more, which are entitled respectively "Colomba" and "The Red Monk." The libretto of the former is taken from Merimée's novel of the same name.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THAT of late beat-abused of artists, Mr. Millais, must have made a tidy little sum by his brush, and he seems to be laying it out in a substantial way. Just now he is building a fine mansion not far from the Duke of Bedford's at South Kensington, and it will cost, it is said, over twenty thousand pounds before it is finished.

There are misprints and misprints. Some are laughable, others are merely irritating. One of the most amusing I have ever seen appears in a London weekly this week. The paper in question contains an article on present-day chivalry, and in the course of it the famous lines of Lovelace—

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love you, sweet, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

are printed as follows:

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love you, sweet, so much,
Loved I not Hannah Moore!"

Some wag of a compositor is obviously responsible for the last two words; maybe he has been revenging himself on the contributor for his illegible handwriting. But imagine that gentleman's feelings!

The successful young songstress, Mademoiselle Thalberg, is, I am told, about to undertake an operatic tour in the English provinces in conjunction with Mesdemoiselles Albani and Belocca, and with the indefatigable Sir Julius Benedict as conductor. "Indefatigable Sir Julius," I may well say. There never was a more favorite musician among the fair sex than he. Early in the day he gives lessons at any number of young ladies' private schools, and in the evening we find him wielding the *bâton* at some concert or festival miles and miles away.

Messrs. Hamilton's panorama of America is at present "located" at the Great St. James's Hall, but I am sorry to say it is not drawing good houses. The fact is, the days of panoramas are past, just as are the days of menageries and Punch-and-Judy shows. Yet many of Messrs. Hamilton's views are very cleverly painted, and they have, moreover, secured a right genial and versatile "guide," Mr. Arthur Mattheson, the librettist, a gentleman pretty well known, I am given to understand, in your Empire City.

As I write, the first promenade concert (at Covent Garden) of the season is on the point of being given. This year, as last, the concerts are to be under the direction of the well-known refreshment contractors, Messrs. Gatti. For the opening night, Signor Arditti has arranged "a grand selection"—as the advertisements put it—"from Wagner's 'Lohengrin,' for full orchestra and military bands," while the principal vocalists are Mesdemoiselles Bianchi and Christino and Mr. (not Signor, mark you!) V. Fabrini.

Miss Florence Marryat—or rather Mrs. Ross-Church—the editor of *London Society*, one of the best paying of our magazines, has a daughter who is taking to the stage. The young lady's name is Eva, and very shortly she will make her *début* at London-by-the-Sea, otherwise Brighton. If she is only as clever an elocutionist as her mother, she will soon make her way.

The French edition of Poe's "Raven," by Stéphane Mallarmé, which you referred to a week or two ago, is a ponderous tome, indeed. My friend Mr. Ingram has had one of the volumes (only two hundred and forty have been printed) presented to him; this, like its fellows, is two feet high by eighteen inches broad. Manet's illustrations are wonderfully weird and imaginative; they remind one of Doré. By-the-way, Mr. Ingram's edition of Poe is in its third edition.

A few days hence Mr. John S. Clarke will appear as "star" at the Haymarket, and, by-and-by, Miss Neilson will appear there as *Juliet*. The veteran author of "Box and Cox," Mr. Madison Morton, is busy on a three-act comedy for the same theatre, and Mr. Henry J. Byron and W. S. Gilbert are likewise writing pieces for it. In his piece Mr. Byron will himself take part. From all which you will see that Mr. Sothorn intends to inaugurate his management thoroughly well.

I mentioned Mr. Byron just now—a fact which reminds me that he has written a most amusing article on "Professional Superstitions" for the first number of the forthcoming *London Magazine*. Let me give you a "plum" out of it. Describing an interview with a certain manager, whose "unswerving rule" was never to transact any theatrical business on a Friday, he says:

"I had at that time done little else dramatically than compositions of a comic character, which, supported as they then were, produced far more effect than their intrinsic merits in any way warranted, and I felt considerable timidity in approaching the presence of the manager. However, I opened out the subject, dilated on its attractive qualities, suggested a suitable cast, and was altogether getting on swimmingly when the inevitable 'terms' came on the *tapie*, together with the no less inevitable disclosure of the day of the week. I shall never forget the sudden change in the countenance of my hitherto most amiable friend. He rose, shut to his desk with a bang, and—well, he did not exactly order me out, but he so convincingly let me see that the interview was closed, that, like the sensible dog in the play, I descended the managerial staircase with alacrity.

"The following day I received a summons to the great man's presence. He was once more all geniality. It was Saturday, and, despite its being the one day in the week on which one would imagine a manager would not smile, my friend in question *did* smile, and handed me a check with the blandest cordiality.

"And now," I ventured to remark, having pocketed the check as a sage precaution—and now, may I inquire what there is so terrible about Friday as a—

"Don't!" he exclaimed, loudly; "don't mention that day to me. I hate it. I never produce a new piece on a Friday; I never—"

"Oh, indeed!" I replied, rather knowingly, as I thought. "How about Boxing-day? The Christmas pieces come out on that day, I believe. When it falls on a Friday, do you postpone your production?"

"I shall never forget the look of mingled contempt and scorn which overspread the manager's countenance at this question of mine. We didn't speak for months.

"I have since then never met but one manager who would hear of producing a new play on a Friday, and he did so because it was his benefit. It was a melodrama of my own, and it ran seven months. But, of course, that was only the exception that proved the rule."

Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope has given us, within the last few days, two volumes of his short tales. The first is called "Diamond and Diamond; a Story of Tuscan Life." There are others entitled "Vittoria Accoramboni," "The Golden Book of Torcello," "The Duchess Veronica," etc. Messrs. Chapman & Hall are the publishers. Another work which has just been issued is "The Abode of Snow: Observations on a Journey from Chinese Tibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya." This is by Mr. Andrew Wilson, and is published by Messrs. Blackwood. I should tell you here that an anonymous novel recently issued by Messrs. Bentley—it is called "Comin' thro' the Rye"—is rumored to be by Miss Broughton. The *Athenaeum* says there is a great deal of power in it; so there is—and it is certainly Rhoda-Broughtonish power, which is by no means easy to imitate. Who can depict fashionable lovers so well as she?

The Scotch folk remain as "unco guid" as ever—that is, the few of them who still reside about the Tweed. When they come over here their intense piousness is soon rubbed off in their desperate struggles to get on, and it is not long before they fall into our wicked ways. However, in "the land of the mountain and the flood" itself, they still have a strong objection to theatres, as you will guess when I tell you that they have at the present moment only eight or ten in their midst. There are, for instance, three in Glasgow (but then Glasgow is a very "fast" city), one in Edinburgh, one in Greenock, one in Dundee, and one in Aberdeen. Perth has no theatre at all, and within the last few days it has been agitated to its very centre because a couple of daring and ungodly individuals have been en-

deavoring to obtain licenses to erect one. Bless you, the magistrates would not hear of such a thing! They rose *en masse* against the impious application, bedridden bailies even got out of their beds to denounce it. There never was such a scene, and in the end, of course, the would-be managers retired mightily discomfited. All this reminds me of an anecdote my friend Mr. Joseph Eldred, who is just now playing, and playing capitally, too, *Melter Moss* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the Olympic, told me a little while ago. At the time the Edinburgh Theatre Royal was burnt down he was the lessee of the local operetta-house, the only other place of amusement in "Auld Reekie." Naturally, he was not over-sorry at the calamity; I won't say that he actually rejoiced, but some of the "pros" under him did, for they argued, you see, that the canny inhabitants were now bound to come and see *them*. As for his friends outside, they poked him slyly in the ribs, called him "lucky dog," and hinted jocularly that he himself had applied the match which had set the rival house in flames. In the end, Mr. Eldred was so impressed with the idea that his fortune was about to be made that the evening after the conflagration he had his doors barricaded, hired extra money-takers, box-keepers, and check-takers—in short, made every necessary preparation for the grand "rush" and "crush" that was expected. Ah, at that time he little knew how superstitious Scotchmen are! The curtain rose to the worst house he ever had; he could have counted the audience on his fingers! The good folk of Scotland's capital looked upon the destruction of the Theatre Royal as a warning to them. "It's a visitation of the Almighty," declared they. "Na, na," said one worthy old shop-keeper, "I'll ne'er gang to a theatre again; it's the deil's hoose, that is it!"

This is an age of testimonials. Why, was it not only the other day that a society was founded, the members of which were each to receive at stated intervals a service of plate, a valuable gold watch, or something of that kind, subscribed for by the other members? The latest testimonial talked about is one for Dr. Charles Mackay, the well-known song-writer and journalist (who does not know his "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"). The learned doctor is well on in life (I need hardly remind you that he lived in New York for some years), and few in their literary capacity have served their country better. Doubtless the testimonial will be a substantial one; indeed, the names of the committee would insure that. Here are a few of them: the Dukes of Westminster and Sutherland, the Marquises of Lorne and Hartington, Earl Russell, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Theodore Martin.

Mr. Norman Lockyer, the distinguished astronomer and editor of *Nature*, is, I am told, about to start on a very pleasant mission. He has been deputed by our government to visit the various courts of Europe and lay before them the advisability of their sending "exhibits" to the forthcoming exhibition of scientific instruments at South Kensington. As he will have *carte blanche*, our astronomer rejoices much, to use Artemus's phrase.

Didn't I tell you, some weeks ago, that Mr. Ingram is engaged on a lengthy life of the author of "The Raven?" Any way, such is the case, and I think Mr. Stoddard will be somewhat disconcerted when it appears. For why? That gentleman has declared positively that Poe was never in France; but it so happens that Mr. Ingram has in his possession a full account of the poet's adventures there. He dictated it to a lady-friend as he lay, as

he thought, on his death-bed at his cottage at Fordham—dictated it because, as he said, "the publishers would all be greedy for his life" when he was gone! Mr. Ingram has promised to give me a *résumé* of it for my next letter; so, meanwhile, *verb. sap.*

WILL WILLIAMS.

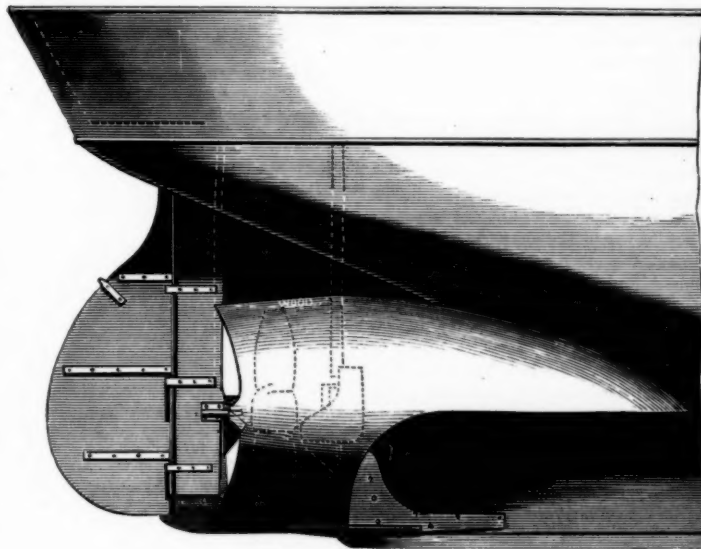
Science, Invention, Discovery.

AN IMPROVED SCREW-PROPELLER.

AMONG the numberless inventions upon the merits of which naval engineers and architects are called upon to decide, those relating to improvements in the form or general construction of the screw-propeller occupy a prominent place. In spite of the active efforts of mechanics and inventors, however, it rarely occurs that their plans possess sufficient merit to commend their adoption; hence, when any worthy plan is submitted, the traveling public, together with

ing in contact with a whale, that she was unable to proceed on her voyage, but returned to Liverpool for repairs. It was with a view to overcome these objections that Mr. Griffiths suggested the plan here illustrated, and as the English Admiralty regarded it of sufficient merit to deserve a thorough trial, and as that trial proved a success, we are induced to direct the attention of our readers to the subject.

As described in *The Engineer*, Mr. Griffiths plan is to put the screw into a casing of fifty by seventy-five per cent. larger area than that of the screw-disk, and provided with an opening underneath, so that the screw is not supplied with water that would otherwise flow into the space left by the ship, nor does the ship rob it of any of the water which it requires to force back in order to give the full forward thrust. Then, as is evident by an examination of the accompanying illustration, the screw—there shown by the dotted lines—is completely protected from



those who are directly interested in all improvements in mechanical engineering, would do well to inform themselves regarding its special merits. Among the earliest and most forcible of the many objections raised against the screw or fan-propeller was, that it occupied a place so directly in the wake of the ship as not to be able to utilize the full resisting power of the waters—in other words, that the screw, from its very location, must needs act upon a current of water flowing away from it. Nor is this objection without force, and hence it is that many of the inventions to which we have alluded are designed to meet it. Another serious objection to the screw as a means of propulsion is, that when broken, as it is liable to be by contact with ice, floating spars, or even large fish, there is no remedy but to return to port and go upon the docks. An instance of this character is just at hand, foreign dispatches having within a few days announced that one of the ocean-steamers so injured her screw, by com-

contact with foreign objects such as we have mentioned. Another argument in favor of the casing is, that when adapted to war-vessels it will act the part of an armor-plate about the screw, thus protecting it from shot and shell, and, what is a more probable source of danger, the bursting of torpedoes.

The arguments in favor of the plan were regarded as of sufficient force to justify the naval officials in authorizing a practical test, to which end H. M. S. Bruiser was placed at the service of the inventor. Of course, the only question to be definitely determined by a trial-trip was the value of the casing as an aid to the speed of the vessel, its use as a guard or armor being self-evident. The report of this trial reads as follows:

"The Bruiser was first tried on the 26th of February with her propeller fitted in the ordinary way, her course being over the measured distance within the breakwater at Plymouth. The force of the wind was two to three, and its direction east-southeast, and the

sea smooth. The draught of the ship was eight feet, both fore-and-aft, and she was in every way fully equipped and ready for sea. The screw fitted was one of Griffiths', with two blades, having a diameter of six feet and eight feet pitch; with sixty nominal horse-power, and a mean pressure in the cylinders of 85.79 pounds, her mean number of revolutions, after six runs, was eight hundred and eighty-one per mile, and her true mean speed 8.016 knots. Having been docked, and the casing fitted to her, as shown in the accompanying illustration, she was again tried on the 2d instant, under almost similar circumstances to those of the first trial. The force of the wind and the state of the sea were the same, though the direction of the former was southwest instead of east-southeast. She carried one more ton of coals, and her trim was a little different, being seven feet ten inches forward, and eight feet one inch aft. With the same nominal horse-power, and only 4 more indicated, the mean number of revolutions was only eight hundred and thirty-six, whereas the speed gained was 8.274 knots, or rather more than a quarter of a knot beyond what was realized without the casing."

From these results it is evident that the claims of the inventor were fully justified, and that, by means of a very simple improvement, both the speed and safety of steamships are likely to be enhanced. In the present connection we learn that Mr. Griffiths's scheme, when fully perfected, involves a far more decided innovation than that above described. This is nothing less than the use of two small screws instead of one large one, and putting one of the screws at the bow of the vessel, the other being, as usual, at the stern. Already certain experiments have been made with this bow-screw, and the results seem to have been most favorable. At least the success of the casing, as shown by the Bruiser, was so marked, that the government have placed a screw-launch at Mr. Griffiths's disposal, by the aid of which he proposes to test the system of bow and stern screws. We shall await the results with interest, and report them to our readers as soon as they are laid before us.

THE mythical "oldest inhabitant," whose chief function seems to be the yearly announcement that "he never knew such a season as the present," is likely, for once at least, to have his statement stand undisputed. The month of August just passed will long be remembered and stand upon the weather records as the "wettest" ever known. It not unfrequently happens that, owing to a lack of previous careful observation, or a treacherous memory, we are prone to regard certain climatic conditions as unusual and phenomenal, when, were the means of comparison at hand, we should find them little different from those of each preceding year. With the month just passed, however, there can be no doubt as to the exceptional extent, duration, and violence of the daily rainfalls, as is attested by the following official statement from the Signal-Bureau at Washington. During the first eighteen days of August, the rainfall in the city of New York was 9.67 inches, while that for the whole month during the four preceding years was as follows:

August, 1871.....	5.48 inches.
" 1872.....	9.36 "
" 1873.....	4.15 "
" 1874.....	3.22 "

From this table it appears that, up to the 18th of the month of August just passed, the rainfall was three times that of the whole month of the previous year, and the record of a single day's storm gives over three inches, or as much as fell during the whole of the preceding months of May and June. With these facts in mind, and with the reports from abroad and the West, that a like condition exists there, the question as to the true cause of this undue "precipitation" becomes one of general interest; and, now that we have a bureau whose special function it is to know all about the weather, an answer may very properly be demanded from that quarter. This answer, as given by Lieutenant Beall, the officer in charge of the Signal Bureau in New York, is as follows: "Two months ago, in June, we observed winds coming into the Southern States from the Gulf of Mexico. These winds, coming from such a large body of water, brought with them heavy quantities of moisture, and, passing over the Appalachian range, blew into the Alleghany Mountains, and forced this moisture up into colder strata of air, which condensed it, and produced the rain. These southern winds are continuing still. In sections of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, which are south of this range of mountains, and where the moisture has not been condensed, there has been less than one inch of rain. But we, here in New York and all over the Middle States, get the benefit of it so long as these southern winds continue. Since Monday morning (August 16th) there is a decline in the atmosphere in the northwest, first in Dakota, yesterday in Leavenworth, to-day in Nashville. I am hardly satisfied yet that it will reach us here; it may not be felt in this section, but, if this cool wave does continue to go eastward, it will produce cooler weather and a cessation of precipitation." When further questioned by an enterprising "interviewer" as to the cause of the inundations in Hungary and France, Lieutenant Beall stated that, as areas of high pressure had been observed over the northern coast of Africa, the result would be southern winds; these, passing northward over the Mediterranean, would become saturated with moisture, and when the cold heights of the Alps and Apennines were reached a condensation and enormous precipitation would naturally occur. From these facts and deductions we reach the disheartening conclusion that when it rains we must be content to let it rain, thankful, however, that we are wiser than our fathers were, and, though that knowledge is of no avail to avert the catastrophe, we may yet be in a degree prepared for its advent.

THE influence of the differently-colored light-rays upon vegetable growth having been made the subject of extended observation, the results of which we have from time to time reported, attention is now directed to certain kindred experiments on animals. These were conducted by M. Thury, and may be briefly reviewed as follows: Two separate batches of frogs'-eggs were placed the one under colorless and the other under green glass, all the other conditions being identical. The method and rapidity of growth were carefully noted, with the following results: The development of the eggs under the colorless glass, where they were exposed to pure sunlight, was rapid and normal, and at the end of May these creatures were over an inch and one-half in length, with well-developed hind-legs. With those under the green shade the growth was stunted and abnormal, being at the end of May but three-quarters of an inch in length, of a blackish

color, and without a trace of hind-legs. By the 10th of June, many of the first batch had their fore-legs, and were changed to frogs, while in the latter no legs appeared, and they breathed still through their gills; and on the 2d of August all of the first were frogs, while the second batch were dead, never having attained even to the first stage of development in which the hind-legs are formed. It thus appears that conditions which, in the case of certain vegetables, may prove favorable to growth, are fatal to animal life; and, while grapes may thrive in blue light, frogs grow best under the full influence of all the solar rays. It is true that we have as yet no report regarding the possible influence of the other colored rays, blue, red, and yellow; still the effect of the green ray would seem to suggest like or kindred results from any other partial exclusion of the full white light of the sun.

In a brief notice made many months since of certain novel uses of electricity, our readers may recall the fact that we then urgently advocated the formation of a company which should agree to furnish all our houses with standard time by the aid of electric clocks. These were to be placed on our mantels, or in niches constructed for them, and were to be operated by electric currents conducted into the house along wires imbedded in the walls, the whole circuit to be regulated by a standard clock at the company's office. So feasible is this plan, and so much would be gained by it in securing accurate time without the repeated winding and regulating of the household clocks, that the wonder is that in this age of invention and enterprise the scheme has waited so long for the capital needed for its furtherance. We pay for water and light, and in our large commercial buildings heat is also furnished from a central reservoir. How long must it then be before we are waited upon by the agent of the coming electric clock company? We have been prompted to make this reference to the subject in view of the announcement received from Paris that M. Leverrier has proposed to the Prefect of the Seine to put all the public clocks of that city in connection with the clock at the Observatory, which instrument is placed in the Catacombs, so as to be as free as possible from all surface vibrations. Although this scheme is limited to the public clocks, there is no reason why it should not be extended to include all private as well as public timepieces.

As an immediate and almost essential consequence of the recent advances in the methods of torpedo-warfare come plans and devices either for guarding against the disastrous effects of these submarine enemies, or for removing them before they have been exploded. To this latter class belongs the invention of Messrs. Denarouze, by which a diver is enabled, without communication or connection with the surface, to remain for a long time under water. Directing his movements by means of a compass and lamp, which may be lighted or extinguished at pleasure, the diver can either place or remove torpedoes with no fear of being observed from above. While no detailed description of this apparatus has yet reached us, it is evident that the air for breathing is taken down in a compressed form, while the light may be an electric one, obtained from a battery attached to the person of the diver. Certain experiments recently made before the English torpedo committee are said to have been very satisfactory.

THE *English Mechanic* states that a new "log" has been invented and patented by

Mr. W. Clark Russell, which is said to indicate the speed of a ship at a glance without any preliminary timing. It consists of a dial placed on deck and connected to a line and log thrown overboard. As soon as the line becomes taut the index points to the rate of speed at which the vessel is traveling through the water. Presuming that the new log is as trustworthy as others employing a line, etc., towing in the sea, it has a great advantage in that its indications are read on an instrument fixed on deck.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

IN the last *Fraser* an article by Mr. W. Longman, which he calls "Impressions of Madeira," contains a great deal of interesting information, well told, about this strange and picturesque island of the Atlantic:

It was getting dusk as we neared Madeira, and had become quite dark when we landed at Funchal. When I awoke the next morning and looked into the beautiful garden of Miles's Hotel, I could not but admire the richness of the tropical vegetation with which it is abundantly filled. The remoter scene was also fine. The mountains rose in the background, and the houses crept picturesquely up the steep sides of the hills on which the town is built.

It was not long before I had an opportunity of seeing more of the island, for the friends I found at the hotel were determined I should lose no time. After breakfast we went, some on horseback, some on foot, and another in a hammock, to one of the volcanic ravines by which the city is intersected, and which descend from the central group of mountains. We went up the steep, paved street, between walls, until we arrived at a water-course, by the side of which we entered the ravine. In the afternoon we rode to a small, prettily-wooded hillock, lying to the northwest of Funchal, called the *Pico do Funcho*, from which we had a glimpse of the mountain-view it often commands.

But the first impression produced on my mind was, I confess, one of some little disappointment. This was, perhaps, partly produced by the presence, on my arrival, of one of those too frequent mists which veil the mountains, and descend so low as to form a canopy hardly above the highest *quintas*—as the brilliantly-gardened country-houses of the Funchal residents are called. I can well imagine the striking beauty of the island when first seen after a voyage from the Cape, should the mountains be unclouded or covered only sufficiently to veil a portion of their loveliness. But I was not fortunate enough to see them in this state, and even had I thus beheld them I should still have felt some disappointment. On the south side of the island, especially, there are many defects in natural beauty, and in all that combines to produce the feeling of satisfaction and delight which is derived from the enjoyment of Nature in all its various details. Some of these defects are common to the whole island, but others are especially characteristic of its southern portion. There is, in that part of it, a striking and lamentable deficiency of trees, and of all really wild flowers. The volcanic ravines are arid and repulsive. There is no comeliness or

beauty of form in them. They are seams which Nature may not have had time to clothe with decency; for Madeira, geologically, is not only very young, but, being a self-formed island, and having never been a part of a continent, it has never enjoyed the advantages of physical continental intercourse. Man, indeed, has built up terraces to hold the soil, and covered every nook and vantage-ground with vines and sugar-canes, yams, and other useful vegetable products; and man, too, has imported and transplanted into his *quinta* garden many a gorgeous flower, and many a splendid tree and shrub from tropical and other climates; and many of these have become wild, and grow profusely on walls and other separating boundaries of cultivation. Scattered plentifully in these arid ravines are many naturalized species of cactus, more remarkable for their singularity and ugliness than for any other quality, and vines cover every available patch of soil. But of really indigenous and beautiful wild-flowers there is a mighty dearth, and the general effect is an uninteresting bareness.

He who loves the beauty of an English flowery lane, the varied colors of an English wood, the emerald and golden hue of an English pasture, or the richly-painted loveliness of a many-flowered Alpine mountain-slope, will not find such charms in the neighborhood of Funchal. Elsewhere, in the island, he will find some of these beauties, along with others partly making up for the absence of the rest. But he will not find them in the southern districts of Madeira. A brilliant sun, which no doubt is far more frequent in Madeira than in our northern climes, also compensates, to a considerable extent, for the loss of some of these elements of natural beauty. But it does not entirely supply their place: and the bareness of the neighborhood of Funchal, combined with the difficulty of escaping from high-walled thoroughfares—and, indeed, of locomotion altogether—was no doubt the cause which produced at first a feeling of disappointment with Madeira.

On the other hand, the gardens of the *quintas*—which are almost peculiar to the south of the island—are often exceedingly beautiful. They are usually a blaze of color. Every thing grows and blossoms with a luxuriance unknown to the more temperate—and, may I add, more friendly—north. Geraniums grow to a height of twenty feet and more in a few months, and must be cut down yearly to prevent their straggling into useless exuberance. Strange tropical exotics are here naturalized. Bananas, camphor-trees, nettles, palms, and gum-trees, with many others, are found in these delicious gardens, while lilies, daturas, bougainvilleas, and flowers too numerous to mention, decorate the neighborhood of every house, however humble.

But even here—even in these *quinta* gardens—Nature is niggardly, or rather has not had time to do for Madeira what she has done for larger areas. All is silence! or so nearly so that the sounds one hears serve rather to increase the oppressive feeling of want of life than make one perceive its presence. Hardly a bird carols forth its joyous song, or even twitters in the trees; hardly a butterfly flutters among the flowers, hardly a beetle crosses the path. The hum of bees is almost unknown, and the mysterious harmony of myriads of buzzing insects' wings—so charming in an English wood—in Madeira is never heard. All seems silent, all seems dead!

Madeira, we are told, has no lakes and no permanently flowing rivers:

The *ribeiros*, or rivers, are, except after heavy rains, mere water-courses, of which many are usually quite dry, and the others contain nothing more than a mere rivulet of water. During the whole of my excursions in Madeira I never saw a stream which deserved the name of any thing but a brook. I, however, crossed many substantial bridges, which showed that these brooks occasionally become dangerous torrents. Nor is there a single lake in Madeira, and indeed I did not see even one single pond in the whole island.

The cause of this absence is evidently the porous character of the volcanic soil. There are, as I shall describe, water-falls and water-courses. None of the former are really copious, except after rain. The latter, called *levadas*, must to a certain extent rob the rivers, for the water which would naturally run into the *ribeiros* is almost entirely diverted into them. The inhabitants rely on them for irrigating the cultivated soil, and principally also for the water-supply of the houses, both in and out of the capital and the villages. Every house with a garden or cultivated plot of ground is supplied with water for a definite number of hours weekly from the *levada*. The scanty remnants of the streams which find their way into the water-courses are used for washing.

It has been a popular impression that Madeira is the finest of sanitariums, where one with his lungs half gone may breathe freely a glorious atmosphere, with a scenery and a civilization peculiarly adapted for invalids, but, according to Mr. Longman, this idea of the island is only partially true:

The island is well worth visiting, but I think there are but few people who would care to return to it. To those who are in good health the climate is not agreeable. It is too relaxing. To a certain extent one becomes used to it; still, however, it is enervating, and renders one indisposed to pedestrian exercise. But, unquestionably, to one who is not an invalid, the great drawback is the difficulty of getting about. I have often been asked whether one can take walks, and my answer is always that in the neighborhood of Funchal, and with but few exceptions elsewhere, it is impracticable. There is nowhere to walk, and the walking everywhere—if you should walk—is most disagreeable. Wheeled carriages are practically unknown; there are three pony carriages in Funchal, but they are almost useless, and it is said that their owners intend to give them up. They can be used only in some few of the streets of Funchal, and along what is termed the New Road, which is a mixture of a Rotten Row for riding and a very fair road for carriages. It extends for about three miles from the western end of Funchal toward the village of Cama de Lobos.

The universal mode of getting about is either to ride on horseback or in a bullock-sledge on runners, or to be carried in a hammock. There is, however, a fourth mode of descending from the mountains for three or four miles on a few roads, and this is by sledges. A car, to hold either two or three persons, is placed on wooden runners and descends the steep, wall-inclosed roads principally by its own weight. At starting, and where the inclination is not great, it is dragged down by two of the wonderfully active Madeira peasants, who run by its side at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, each guiding it by a leathern thong attached to its front

on either side. It requires but little or no exertion to draw it along, for the road is everywhere steep, and always smoothly paved with pebbles or long stones, to which additional smoothness and even polish, beyond that produced by mere friction, are given by the constant application of grease to the runners of the bullock-cars. When, however, the road becomes very steep, the men stand on the framework of the car with one foot, while with the other they guide or check it, and the car then shoots down by its own weight with a velocity that is not a little exciting, and, after the first dash off, extremely agreeable. The speed is often more than twenty miles an hour. It is wonderful how the angular corners are turned, the car lurching up first toward one wall and then toward the other; with what ease speed is slackened or arrested, and how seldom any serious accident happens. Merchants living in their *quintas* often make use of these sledges to go to their counting-houses in the morning, returning in the afternoon usually on horseback.

To invalids, for whom a bracing air is not required, the remarkable stability of the temperature is a great recommendation.

To men in health the utter absence of any occupation or amusement beyond that of visiting is wearisome. To those fond of scenery or of mountain exploration there are of course those additional sources of interest; but they are greatly lessened by the almost utter want of lodging accommodation. Out of Funchal, with the exception of the neighboring seaside village of Santa Cruz—and this possesses only one small inn—there are but two places in the island where travelers can find a lodging. The first is Santa Anna, where there is little fear of disappointment; the other São Vicente, where there are only three decent bedrooms, and whither it is very desirable to take food. The comfort of Miles's Hotel at Funchal, and the beauty of its garden, must not be omitted among the recommendations of Madeira.

Mr. JOHN LATOUCHE, in his "Travels in Portugal," from which we have previously quoted, gives a somewhat striking picture of the habits of the middle-class Portuguese, and their method of love-making:

There is nothing that would strike a traveler fresh from England, Germany, or France, more than the great rarity of real country-houses in Portugal. It is entirely against the genius of the people to live a country-life. The Portuguese is too sociable to endure to be surrounded only by woods and fields and mountains. He has many of our Northern tastes: he likes field-sports in moderation; he rides, in his own style, better than any nation in Europe except ourselves; he has a sincere delight in country-life and country-scenery, but he cannot long support the utter solitude of the country. A Portuguese nobleman, if he be rich enough, lives in Lisbon or Oporto, and if he has a country-house will visit it for a month or two in the autumn; even then he will often rather endure the misery of a sea-side lodging among a crowd than go inland. The larger of the country towns have streets full of gentlemen's houses; and here vegetate, from year to year, families who are just rich enough to live upon their incomes without working. To live, indeed, as the Portuguese do in such towns, need cost but little. A large house with a plot of cabbage (a *kale-yard*) behind it; with whitewashed walls, floors un-

carpeted, a dozen wooden chairs, one or two deal-tables; no fireplace, not even a stove, either in sitting-room or bedroom; no curtains to the windows, no covers to the tables; no pictures on the walls, no mirrors; no table pleasantly strowed with books, magazines, newspapers, and ladies' work; no such thing visible as a pot of cut flowers; no rare china, no clocks, no bronzes—none of the hundred trifles and curiosities with which, in our houses, we show our taste, or our want of it, but which either way give such an individual character and charm to our English homes. All these negatives describe the utterly dreary habitations of the middle-class Portuguese.

For occupations, the women do needle-work, gossip, go to mass daily, and look out of window by the hour. Except the one short walk to church at eight o'clock in the morning, a Portuguese lady hardly ever appears in the streets. As for the men, they lounge about among the shops, they smoke innumerable paper cigarettes, they take a *siesta* in the heat of the day. If there is sunshine, they stand in groups at the street-corners with umbrellas over their heads; in winter, they wear a shawl over their shoulders, folded and put on three-cornerwise, as a French or English woman's shawl is worn: for this is a fashion in Portugal, and the Spaniards laugh a good deal at their neighbors on the score of their being a nation who invert the due order of things, and whose women wear cloaks and the men shawls. In these towns there is never any news, and if two men are seen in eager discussion of some matter of apparently immense importance, and if one happens to pass near enough to overhear the subject of conversation, be sure that one of them is plunged in despair or kindling with enthusiasm at a fall or rise of a halfpenny in the price of a pound of tobacco. An American gentleman of my acquaintance told me that he had never passed two Portuguese in conversation without hearing one of two words spoken, "*tedão*" or "*rapariga*"—finance or love.

There are not even fashions for them to think about; young men and old men dress alike, but the younger ones wear exceedingly tight boots, and "when they take their walks abroad" it is obvious that they do so in considerable discomfort. The young men, however, have one occupation more important even than wearing tight boots, and which almost, in fact, goes with it—that of making the very mildest form of love known among men. The process, indeed, is carried on in so Platonic a manner, and with so much proper feeling, that I doubt if even the strictest English governess would find any thing in it to object to. The young gentlemen pay their addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of their affections, while the young person in question looks down approvingly from an upper win-

dow, and there the matter ends. They are not within speaking distance, and have to content themselves with expressive glances and dumb show; for it would be thought highly unbecoming for the young lady to allow a *mil-lé-douz* to flutter down into the street, while the laws of gravitation stand in the way of the upper flight of such a document—unweighted, at least, with a stone, and this, of course, might risk giving the young lady a black eye, or breaking her father's window-panes. So the lovers there remain, often for hours, feeling, no doubt, very happy, but looking unutterably foolish. These silent courtships sometimes continue for very long periods before the lover can ask the fatal question, or the lady return the final answer. I heard a story of one such protracted courtship which an ingenious novelist might easily work into a pretty romance.

About forty or fifty years ago, before the suppression of convents in Portugal, a young lady was engaged to be married. For some reason or other, the marriage did not come off, and the girl was placed in a Benedictine nunnery at Oporto. Soon after came the abolition of convents; but, while the monasteries were absolutely dissolved, and the monks scattered, the nuns who were already inmates of religious houses were suffered there to remain. The young lady, accordingly, on the suppression occurring, did not leave the Benedictine convent. It is to be presumed, however, that the rules of this particular establishment were somewhat relaxed, for the young gentleman who had been engaged to this nun was observed to take his constant stand before the barred window of his former mistress's cell, while she would become visible behind the grating. Here the romance I have imagined would perhaps rather lack incident, and, except in a master's hand, might grow monotonous, for this hopeless courtship lasted no fewer than four-and-thirty years, till a bowed and middle-aged man paced the pavement, and looked up to a gray-haired mistress. It only ended with the death of the lady, a few years ago. Many persons have assured me that they have often been eyewitnesses of what I have described, and I found that the fact was quite notorious in Oporto. It will, of course, be understood that the stagnating life I have described, with its narrow circle of interests and its little meannesses of household detail, is confined to the half-educated, middle-class inhabitants of small country towns. The higher native society of Lisbon, with its courtly influences, and that of Oporto—which holds the same relative position to Lisbon that Edinburgh did to London before the days of steam—can compare with that of any capital of Europe. The men are high-bred, courteous, and intelligent, and the ladies have a charm of manner and talents for society which all foreigners admit.

Notices.

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